Innocui Sales.

A COLLECTION OF NEW EPIGRAMS.

VOL. I.

WITH A

PRÆFATORY ESSAY ON *Epigrammatic Poetry.*

Epigrammatarius omnium Scenarum Homo.

LONDON,
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A PREFATORY ESSAY ON Epigrammatic Poetry.

'TIS *ſtrange that in ſuch an improving Age as ours, when* Wit *and* Learning *run ſo high, that among all the parts of* polite literature, *and ſo many ſucceſsful Attempts in* pleaſing *and* inſtructive Poetry, *ſo few* Engliſh Men, *tho' invited thereto by the Example of that great Maſter in Poetry* Ben. Johnſon, *have ſince his time addicted themſelves to write* Epigrams.

And the more ſtrange (*if that be true which the Great* Verulam *in his* Advancement of Learning *aſſerts, That* Poetry was ever thought to have ſome participation of Divinity) *ſince in this Age thoſe of the beſt parts are very impatient of hearing* long Sermons, *even now that* Pulpit-Oratory *is at the nobleſt height it ever was ſince the* Apoſtle's *time; and yet they endure not only to*

write, *but to* read long Poems, *as if* Poetry *were not as expreſſive as* Oratory, *and a great deal might not be ſaid in a few Lines of* Verſe *as well as* Proſe.

The moſt Ancient Philoſophy *was wrote in* Hieroglyphicks *cut or graven upon* Statues, Columns, Obelisks, *and the like; afterwards when the interpretative* Tradition *of thoſe* Hieroglyphicks *was loſt or varied, they wrote or engraved ſhort Sentences in words at length, which were call'd* Epigrams *or* Inſcriptions, *and theſe in* Proſe *or* Verſe *as it happened.*

But Poetry *and* Philoſophy *being contemporaries, the beſt* Inſcriptions *or* Epigrams *were for the moſt part in* Verſe.

The firſt ſort of theſe were indeed plain, ſimple, *and* natural, *without any affectation of either* Wit *or* Humour, *ſuch as that of* Pauſanias *in* Thucydides.

Ἑλλήνων Ἀρχηγὸς, ὅτι φρεσὶν ὤλεσε Μήδων,
Παυσανίας, Φοίβῳ μνῆμ' ἀνέθηκε τόδε.

Pauſanias *chiefs of Greeks, the* Medians *routed,*
This Monument to Phœbus *he devoted.*

This was as eaſie *and* unſtudied *as we can imagine; but they were not long contented with this plainneſs. That of* Ariſtotle *upon his Friend and Maſter* Plato *aims at ſomething higher.*

Βωμὸν Ἀριστοτέλης ἱδρύσατο τόνδε Πλάτωνι·
Ἀνδρὸς ὃν οὐδ' αἰνεῖν τοῖσι κακοῖσι θέμις.

This Stone to Plato Ariſtotle *raiſed*
To him, who muſt not be, by bad men, prais'd.

But very low and humble if we conſider the great Genius *of the* Author, *and the* Dignity *of the* Subject; *yet the conciſeneſs and the vivacity of this* Epigram *is much more admirable than any of thoſe three which* Nævius, Plautus, *and* Pacuvius *made for their own Monuments; the beſt of the three in the Judgment of* A. Gellius *is that of the laſt; which that great Critick doth not ſtick to call* Epigramma verecundiſſimum & puriſſimum dignumque ejus elegantiſſima gravitate, *and this it is:*

Adoleſcens, tametſi properas, hoc te Saxum rogat
Ut ad ſe adſpicias, deinde quod Scriptum eſt legas:
Hic ſunt Poctæ Pacuvii Marci ſita
Oſſa, hoc volebam neſcius ne eſſes, Vale.

Youth, tho' thou art in haſte, yet this Stone prays,
T'wards it thou'dſt look, and then read what it ſays;
Pacuvius *the Poets Bones here lye,*
This I was willing thou ſhou'dſt know; God b'ye.

I don't know whether I have tranſlated it with that elegant Gravity, *but I have kept to the ſence, and cannot but wonder that ſo Noble a Critick as* A. Gellius *ſhould beſtow ſuch Epithites upon a Piece that deſerves not the reading (as the firſt word indeed intimates) of any but Boys; for*

Hic ſunt Poetæ Pacuvii Marci Oſſa,

was as much as any Man would deſire to know; but that was a Melancholly Subject for a Man to write his own Epitaph, and ſo let it paſs.

Nor muſt we from hence conclude how little Wit *was neceſſary to an* Epigram *among the* Ancients, *nor on the other ſide dare I affirm with ſome* Modern Criticks, *that the reaſon why ſo few lay out their Talent in this vein, is, that it is an exceeding* difficult Undertaking *to make a* good Epigram.

And if either of theſe two different Propoſitions be true, Viz. That a little Wit will ſerve, *or,* That 'tis hard to write a good Epigram, *the* Bookſeller *will meet with very few* Aſſiſtants, *I doubt, to this* well-deſigned Undertaking: *For firſt, if that will do which every body is Maſter of, the more* refined Underſtandings *will not engage themſelves in Concert with the* Vulgar, *they'll look upon it as a leſſening of themſelves, to go in among the Crowd of pretenders.*

But this Propoſition is falſe; *for a* little Wit *will not ſerve in proportion to the bigneſs of the Poem;*

there

there is much more Wit *required in an Epigram, than in any other Poem proportionably to the number of lines*; *for tho'* ſimple Epigrams, *whoſe chief* Ordonnance *or* Deſign *is* Narration, *do not require* much Wit; *yet of the* five ſorts of Epigrams *into which* J. Cæſ. Scaliger *divides this kind of Poetry, viz.* Mel, Fel, acetum, Sal, & ſpecies mixta, *i. e. ſweet, bitter, ſharp, ſalt, and the mix'd ſort*; *not any of the four firſt can conſiſt without* Wit, *or that which is inſtead of it, and ſometimes preferable to it,* humour; *but the* fifth, *viz. the* Compoſite *or* mix'd ſort, *even of thoſe Contemporary with the forementioned* Greek *ones, are not only formed with the* trueſt Judgment, *and* dreſs'd up *in the* richeſt *and* fineſt Language, *but* animated *likewiſe with all the* warmths *of* ſtrong *and* lively Invention: *And as I know no reaſon why the* Collector *or* Compiler *of the* Greek Anthology *ſhould be ſucceſsful above all that ever ſelected choice Epigrams, and who have had the Fortune to leave out as good as ſome they put in*; *ſo we ſhould have been more beholding to him, if his Will or Abilities had furniſhed us with double the number out of thoſe admirable Greek Epigrammatiſts.* Palladas, Theætetus *the Poet*, Straton, Theodorus, Lucillius Tarræus, Athenæus *the Poet*, Democritus *the Poet*, Archytas *the Poet*, Dorias, Dorus, Erycius, *and many others*; *beſide* Archimelus, *who had* 5000 *Buſhels of Wheat ſent him by* Hiero *for one Epigram upon a new built Ship.*

The Latins *took to this kind of Poetry in imitation of the* Greeks, *and well received it was at* Rome; *ſcarce any of the great Wits but ſhow'd their Abilities by venturing ſomewhat this way.* Val. Ædituus, Porcius Licinius, Q. Catulus, Q. Hortenſius *the Orator*, M. Brutus, Metellus, M. Octacilius, C. Val. Catullus, C. Licinius, M. T. Cicero, Laurea Tullius, Virgil, Seneca *the Philoſopher*, Martial, Claudian, Auſonius, *&c. tho' very little of all they wrote in that kind, hath come to our hands, unleſs it be of* Catullus, Martial, *and* Auſonius; *concerning the laſt of which three, I ſay heartily with* Jul. Cæſar. Scaliger Utinam Epigrammata ne Scripſiſſet: *Yet by what remains of any of the reſt, we can take as juſt a Meaſure of the Authors,* Tanquam ex pede Hercules, *as if they had left us no other of their Works; for as* Virgil *was the beſt of* Poets, *ſo that one* Epigram *which introduced him into the favour of the* Roman Court, *may challenge priority to any that was ever made,*

Nocte pluit tota redeunt Spectacula mane,
Diviſum Imperium cum *Jove Cæſar* habet.

All Night it rains, the Sights return next day;
Thus Jove *and* Cæſar *bear an equal ſway.*

as neat, as true, and as lofty a piece of Wit as ever came upon the Worlds Stage. Cicero's *Talent lay much in* Exaggeration, *and ſo that piece of an* Epi-

much

gram, (*for I can't think that* Tetrastick *was all* in fundum Varronis) *Shows, and withall that he would never have made a good Poet; tho' we have some better Verses of his making, still extant, than* O Fortunatam Natam, *which nevertheless might be industriously made trivial, that the* Cantatores Cyclici *might sing it to the Boys and Girls in the street, such like artifices of Popularity having ever been in use.*

Seneca *in those* Epigrams *we have of his, speaks as strongly the* Philosopher *as in any of his Writings,*

— Vive tibi, nam Moriere tibi.

Live to your own good, as you mean to dye.

Comprehends a great part of his de Vita Beata: *So*

— Lex est non pœna perire;
To die's the Law, and not the punishment;

is as high a Consolation as an Heathen could arrive to.

To be brief, an Epigram gives as strong and ample a proof of any Man's Abilities in Poetry, as the longest and most elaborate piece can do. A Man's Wit, Judgment, *and* Literature, *may be seen plainly in a* few Lines (Protogenis *knew* Apelles's *hand as well by drawing one line, as if he had painted a whole Figure*) *and that he writes no more, must be imputed to his want of Leisure, Industry or Ambition.*

As

As to the other Propoſition, *that* 'tis hard to write a good Epigram, *'tis true; but then they who write* many, *may find excuſe; he who writes* ſome good, *may afford to publiſh* ſome indifferent: *If Monſieur* Rapin's *Judgment may paſs, who ſaith* 'tis ſufficient to have made one admirable Epigram in a Mans life. *And* Martial, *who wrote the moſt good One's, hath wrote likewiſe the moſt of an other Character of any in the World; I don't mean only the* Laſcivious Ones, *wherein he hath betray'd his want of judgment; for to write wantonly is as great an incontinency of the* Mind, *as to act it is of the Body; but in many of his other* Epigrams, *among his* Xenia *or* Apophoreta *eſpecially, I can't for my part taſte one* Grain *of* Salt, *or any thing that will paſs in this Age for* Wit: *Many of his* Epigrams *are guilty likewiſe of* Scurrility, *which is mean always, and degenerous;*

—Non eſt jocus eſſe Malignum. *Sen. in Epigr.*

But for the many good Ones he hath wrote, he hath nevertheleſs obtain'd the Reputation of having form'd proper Deſigns, carried 'em on clearly, and fully, in numerous and well-choſe Words; concluding for the moſt part with ſomething pointed, which the Vulgar take to be the beſt part of an Epigram, *and in which the form of it chiefly conſiſts: But if that were true,* Catullus *can ſcarce come into the Number of* Epigrammatiſts, *tho' the Learned place him* firſt, *who is*

not

not only very unequal to himself, as being now sweet, then harsh; now forced, by and by flowing; sometimes brisk, and otherwhiles flat; but he very often wants that poinancy *in the latter end, and rather shines throughout the* whole Epigram *than in the* Close.

His broad Obscenity *sometimes passes among the Injudicious for Wit; a Fault of Youth which he lived not long enough to correct, dying at the Age of Thirty: But his* Latin *is* delicate *and* pure, *beyond all contradiction, otherwise I doubt not but* Andreas Naugerius, *who, as* Paulus Jovius *tells us, every Year on a certain Day dedicated to the* Muses, *burnt all the Volumes of* Martial *he could get; would have bestowed some Cost likewise on* Catullus, *instead of pretending the Ceremony done to his* Manes; *who comes as short of* Martial's Wit *and* Fancy, *as* Martial *doth of his* Turn *and* Expressions.

But an Apothegm, *a* Paronomasia, *a* Pun, *a* Quibble, *and indeed any manner of* Point, *is the least part of an* Epigram; *and they who will always esteem it so, may escape their Fate, who had rather many times lose their Jest than their Friend. And were a short and witty* Poem *as* full *a definition of an* Epigram, *as it is a* common *one, 'twould be easier to write* Epigrams *than any* other Poetry: *But that definition is imperfect, there being few Excellencies of* Epic, *and not many of* Drammatick Poetry *but are here required; here ought to be a* regular Design, *a* clear *and* plain Narration, choice Epithites, proper Figures, smart Expressions, a *hap-*

by Turn, and an entertaining Conceit: *'Tis a Poem that cannot be* enlarged *nor* contracted; *every thing muſt be exact and perfect, becauſe the* Reader *will be more than ordinarily* ſharp *and* critical, *he can take the whole to judge of at once, and is not ſo tired by the length, as to let paſs Faults for his own Eaſe; and if an* Epigram *hath but one* Word *amiſs, 'tis as much taken notice of, and the whole as much rejected, as if* half a Page *were faulty in a long Poem; This being in proportion to the whole, as that.*

So that it is not the eaſieſt thing to write well in this ſort of Poetry, in which ſo few have excell'd, and of which we have ſcarce any exact Pattern *and* Example.

There are indeed in Martial, *Patterns as inimitable as the Odes of* Horace; *but there is in every one of his Books, ſo much Trumpery mix'd, that every Reader muſt be a proper Judge of Excellency, to know which to account the* Standard, *and which the* Allay.

The Weſtminſter *and the* Ingolſtad *Excerptions take in too* many, *the* Eton *too few; and tho' the* late Tranſlator *of* Martial *hath gone a Middle way, yet unleſs we knew who he is, his Authority cannot give any Rules; however,* he *hath render'd the Author's Sence in* Engliſh *more commendably than he himſelf did in* Latin, *occaſioning ſuch Criticks as* Jo. Pontanus, *and* Ra. Volaterrane *to carp as much at his* Style, *as* Ant. Muret *and* Lil. Gyraldus *did at his* Wit *and* Manners.

But

But, after all, the difficulty *of* Excelling *hath* not discouraged *the learned part of Mankind in all Ages from attempting to write* Epigrams.

We have not only the Example of Heathens, *but of* Christians *too of great Fame*; Boethius, *that Noble and Pious Philosopher, Pope* Damasus *who adorned the Altars of St.* Peter *and St.* Paul, *and the Sepulchres of the Martyrs with* Epigrams. *Pope* Sixtus III. Paulinus, Ennodius, *Pope* Urban VIII. *and most of the nobleſt reſtorers of Learning in theſe laſt Centuries, have given their Performances in this Kind an Equality to the choiceſt of their Studies.* Boiſſard, Buchanan, Grotius, Gruter, Heinſius, Petavius, Petrarch, Politian, *the* Scaligers, *and* Turnebus, *are but a few of thoſe I mean. I muſt needs ſay that every Nation in this only particular hath out-done* England. *The* Empire *boaſts of* Berſman, Chytræus, Lauterbach, Sabin, *and I don't know how many more.* France, *of* Bellais, Beza, Mercer, Muret, Paſſeratius, Rapin, Sammathan, *&c.* Italy, *of* Alciate, Amalthæus, Coloſius, Gaurícus, Muſconius, Naugerius, Porcatius, Sannazarius, Strozza, Tebaldeus, Vitalis, *&c. The* Netherlands, *of* Barlæus, Bauhuſius, Benedictus, Douza, Grudius, Lernutius, Meurſius, Secundus, Suertius, Zevecotius, *&c. And We, beſide* Ben. Johnſon, More, *and* Owen, *have very few that deſerve the Name of* Epigrammatiſts; *if the abundance, and the ſprightlineſs of* Owen's *Wit may, notwith-*

withſtanding his falſe Quantities *and* indifferent Latin, *ſuſtain that Character.*

Not that we want a Genius *to* Poetry *in* general, *or that* Maſculine acuteneſs *in* particular *which an* Epigram *requires; nor are we wanting at all I believe in this kind of Poetry: But a* Modeſty *peculiar to this Nation, reſtrains always the moſt excellent of our Wits, from publiſting any thing leſs than an* intire work, *without ſome Charitable Motive, or importunate Requeſt; on which account ſome of our ableſt Writers having not enow Epigrams of their own to make a* Volume, *have neglected the Publiſhing thoſe thoſe they have.*

And this might be a reaſon why ſo few Epigrams *of the* Ancients (*of their modeſteſt Writers eſpecially*) *have come to our hands: I hope the Opportunity hereby given, will not only encourage many to communicate the performances they have already by 'em in this kind, but put 'em likewiſe upon writing more, ſince no Age hath ever afforded better Subjects than this, and no* People *are better able to write what they pleaſe than the* Engliſh.

This Undertaker therefore doth earneſtly invite, and for the ſake of Publick benefit doth entreat all thoſe of either Sex, *who have any performances of this ſort in their hands, that they will be pleaſed to Communicate 'em in Writing with liberty of Printing 'em, either in their own, or aſſumed Name.*

The Noble Probus *hath begun his large Contribution, for which the letter'd World will doubtleſs thank*

thank him; I wish indeed his Numbers had been more easie, and flowing; but he seems to be above that Consideration, and not to regard that Softness or Delicacy of Verse, so that his Sense be proper and his Expressions strong; his Designs are Natural and Pleasing, his Wit Solid and Universal, his Words Full and Elegant; many have an easier turn of Verse, but the elevation of his Thoughts, and the manliness of his Style, his continued Vivacity of Humour *all along, and his frequency of* Points *in the Close, show us that he hath neither copied at* Catullus *or* Martial, *but successfully enough aim'd at a proper Character of his own; if a* just Idea, *a* temperament *of* Fancy, *an* universality *of* Literature, *and* proportion *of* Parts *are elsewhere (altogether) rarely, if at all found.*

AD-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THose that are pleas'd to communicate any thing of this Kind to be Printed in *Easter-Term* 1694, are desired to send it by the latter end of *March*, to *Matth. Gillyflower* Bookseller, at the *Black Spread-Eagle* in *Westminster-Hall*; or, to *Thomas Hodgkin* Printer, at his House in the *New-Buildings*, near *Christ's Hospital*, *London*.

Those who are *Bountiful* in their *Contributions* shall have One of *this*, and One of every *succeeding* VOLUMES *presented to 'em gratis*, if they please to leave word withall how they may be sent.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

1. EPIGRAM.

To a Friend that ask'd me, Why tranſlating ſo many EPIGRAMS, *I made none.*

AMong th' inſpired Quire I never ſung,
Metre, the love of *Martial*, from me wrung;
And imitation has ſo cramp'd my ſtrain,
To ſeek t' infranchiz't now, were labour vain.
I may complain, but cannot mend my ſtate,
When I wou'd write, I find I ſtill tranſlate.
Harſh is my Style, rough Verſe I only know,
Nought that is num'rous from my Pen will flow;
Which theſe ſucceeding *Epigrams* will ſhow.

2. EPIGRAM.

To the ſame.

WEll, what I write, to print I may be ſlack,
Were I ſo vain to think, I nought did lack
To make a Poet, this wou'd me reſtrain,
A Work and Author new ne'r Praiſe did gain:
He muſt be One, long to the Town that's known,
And much in Vogue, before his Wit they'll own.
Candor and Judgment high in them excel,
Who, of a Novel Piece dare ſay, *Tis Well.*

3. EPIGRAM.

To all Engliſh Men.

THe pious *Jews* in times of War did faſt,
Even when no Foe did lay their Country waſte;
If, as they ſpoke, *The Sword of Peace* paſt by
Their Coaſt, their Neighbours were at Enmity;

On

On ſuch account great Sorrow they expreſs'd,
And not endanger'd, held themſelves diſtreſs'd.
What are the Duties then, this Land commands
From us? What ſelf-affliction from our hands?
Which *Turk* and Treaſon, Hell and *France* with-
(ſtands.

4. EPIGRAM.

——*His Diſciples came by night, and ſtole him away, while we ſlept.*

O Rancorous and unbelieving *Jew!*
Whoſe deprav'd Heart what words have
(pow'r to ſhew?
Faithleſs; yet more falſe, more perverſe, than blind;
Blaſpheming boldeſt, when Truth brighteſt ſhin'd;
Who Miracles forbore not to traduce,
To treat Heavens higheſt Favours with abuſe;
Who God's own Law, to diſannul, eſſay'd,
And whom holy Truths only more wicked made;

Whoſe Fathers did their impious Hands embrew
I' th' Prophets Blood, you Prince *Meſſiah* ſlew;
Convinc'd, his Reſurrection durſt deny,
And bribe the Soldiers to abet the Lye.
The drowſie Guard did not your Truſt betray,
But while your ſelves in ſinful ſlumber lay,
The faithful *Gentiles* ſtole your *Chriſt* away.

5. EPIGRAM.

On King William.

WHile thine own Sword, brave Prince, maintains thy Right,
Lewis does only by his Captains fight;
He all his Conqueſts unto them does owe,
Himſelf ne'er ſaw the Face of any Foe.
What's needful for the Field, 's thy Royal Care,
Plain are thy Garments, plainer yet thy Fare.
Lewis, with all the Luxury of his Court,
Marches not forth to fight, but for deſport;

With

With Strumpets takes his Poſt, from danger far,
The Gen'ral? No: The Baggage of the War.

6. EPIGRAM.

On King William.

HAd *Lewis* Heart with Valour been endu'd,
His Forces might have many Lands ſubdu'd:
But God, who wiſely all things does accord,
Put in his Hand a Whip, in thine a Sword.
By Bribes, Aſſaſſins, he does act his Part,
By impious Leagues and ſuch-like treach'rous Art,
Scourges the World; makes Millions to deplore.
But Thou ſeem'ſt born, th' Nations to reſtore.

7. EPIGRAM.

The Virgin Martyr'd.

THe Holy Virgin 'fore the Judgment ſtood,
Bright in her Beauty, brighter in her Blood.
When ſcourg'd and rack'd, branded and ſcorch'd (with fire,
With Pincers torn, & ready to expire,
Her heav'nly Graces all did yet admire.

Cruel, ſhe ſaid, as born of Rock and Stone,
Such Pains can you inflict, reſenting none?
Think you, becauſe Faith does our Courage ſteel,
Our Fleſh, like Iron too, does nothing feel?
You urge our Tortures to that high degree,
Your Executioners even ſuff'rers be.
But w' are Chriſtians! Ah, knew you what you ſay!
It would your Rage, tho' greater, yet allay.
Chriſtians are thoſe, do the True God adore,
Mercy for them, that ſhew them none, implore;

Love

Love all that's Good, hatred they do not know;
Friends to Mankind, to Vice alone are Foe;
Ceſar they worſhip not, but for him pray,
Obey him even, when Death is in their way.
Thoſe who do think, Incenſe is alſo due,
The fab'lous Giants War 'gainſt Heaven make true.
Her ſtrength here fail'd. Angels, ſays ſhe, do call,
To joyn them gladly here on Earth I fall.
A Gen'ral Groan thro' all the Court did ſound,
And Converts 'mong the faithleſs Throng were found,
Many with hands ſtretch't out, aloud did cry
I am a Chriſtian too, and I, and I.

8. EPIGRAM.

On Jeſuits.

O Jeſuits! Subtil i' th' Arts and Schools,
Knaves in the World, and in Religion Fools;
Chriſt's profeſt Servants, and the Slaves of Popes,
But both defie, when they oppoſe your Hopes;

Miſſioners y' are to the Earths utmoſt ends,
Feign'd Lovers of the Faith, Riches true Friends;
Who more preferr a Pow'r in Courts to hold,
Than even in Heaven to have your Names enrol'd;
Who further have prevail'd, Truth to expel
The Church of God, than even the Gates of Hell.

9. EPIGRAM.

On Julius.

WHen Men to Honour rais'd, I oft did hear,
(As then firſt being) they *created* were,
It ſounded ſtrange: But ſince I *Julius* knew
Ingenious, innocent, obliging, true,
And ſaw that Honour render'd him uncivil,
Vicious, falſe, proud, all that is counted evil,
The Man's *new made*, I cry'd, he's now a Devil.

10. EPIGRAM.

On Procula, *old and amorous.*

FOul Winter ceaſe to think thy Age a Spring,
Which nought but Cold and Dirt does with it bring;
If it be poſſible thou canſt any pleaſe,
The ſame may alſo dote on a Diſeaſe.
Thou ſaiſt, th'aſt Charms; So Witches have theirs too,
But ſuch as Toads and Devils only woo.

11. EPIGRAM.

On Cotta.

BUſineſs th'aſt none at Court, nor Place doſt hold,
Yet none there's ſeen ſo buſie & ſo bold;
At Entertainments of the King and Queen,
Where all forbidden are, thou yet art ſeen;
Others hold Speech with one, at moſt with two,
But with th' intire Aſſembly thou h'ſt to do;

Swiftly

Swiftly thou mak'ſt thy way thro all the Preſs,
Like ſome important new-arriv'd Expreſs,
And whiſper'ſt one, another doſt embrace,
Kiſſes't a third, all in a Moment's ſpace.
Secrets of all Cabals thou canſt relate,
As if thou wert o' th' Cabinet of State;
The King does favour thee, the Great Ones call
Thee Intimate and Friend: But that's not all,
Such Places ſhall be thine, when firſt they fall.
After full thirty Years thus ſpent, and more,
We ſee thee ſtill impertinent and poor,
Single-ſol'd *Cotta*, as thou wert before.

12. EPIGRAM.

On Nævia.

NÆvia ill-bred, ill-faſhion'd, and ill-fac'd,
Not more by *Plutus*, than by *Venus* grac'd.
Her Mother not more wiſe, than ſhe was fair,
Having a Friend in Court, wou'd place her there;

And

And thus be-ſpoke him. 'T has been often ſeen,
Great Fortunes they have reach'd, that ſerve the (Queen.
Nævia, ſuppoſe, were Maid of Honour made?
The Courtier, but no flatt'rer, to her ſaid,
Yes; if 'twou'd do her Buſineſs, to make Sport,
For the Deform'd and Poor are Jeſts at Court.

13. EPIGRAM.

On Demetrius.

Demetrius fam'd for ev'ry Martial Feat,
And in the Wars of *Venus* no leſs Great,
Engag'd in am'rous Conflicts ſev'ral Days,
The Mirtle Wreath to win, as well as Bays,
The Stratagem of Sickneſs did deviſe,
His abſence from his Father to diſguiſe;
Who when to ſee him came upon the place,
Phryne ſhot forth with more than Star-like Grace.

How

How is't *Demetrius?* ſaid his Father then,
Your Health's, I hope, return'd to you again.
Dem.] The Fever's gone, held me ſome time before.
The King reply'd, I met It at the Door.

14. EPIGRAM.

On Phryne, *accus'd before the* Athenian *Senate.*

NOne hated *Phryne*, *Phryne* ever ſaw,
However wrong'd, endanger'd her by Law;
Strangers they were, ſuch Crimes of hers did urge,
No Pow'r of Rhet'ric cou'd the Guilty purge.
Her non-pluſt Patron yet had this reſerve,
When's Art did fail, his Client to preſerve.
Tropes he renounc'd, and Arguments did wave,
And made the Fair One her fair ſelf to ſave.
My Lords, he cry'd, 'tis fit that you ſhou'd know
Whom you condemn, e'er you to Judgment go.

And

And from her charming Face the Veil then drew,
From whence ſuch flaſhing Beams of Beauty flew,
Such fulgor, ſweetneſs, from her radiant Eyes,
As all with Love and Wonder did ſurpriſe!
The Charge ſhe ſcatter'd, like a metling Cloud,
That vainly ſeeks the mid-day's Sun to ſhroud.
Judges and Plaintiffs unto her did bow,
Her Plea admit, and Innocence allow.
In Words they did not, but in Heart decree,
A Crime, in ſuch Perfection, cou'd not be.
That ſhe eſcap'd, or was abſolv'd, to ſay
Wou'd wrong her Fame, ador'd ſhe went away.

15. EPIGRAM.

To Plancus.

THou often *Plancus* proudly doſt complain,
While thou the Company wou'dſt entertain
With ſomething of Delight, or elſe of Weight,
Some Piece of Learning, Wit, or Point of State,

Demas

Demas turns all Diſcourſe to what he wears,
Or eats, how with the Stone and Gout he fares,
His Iſſue runs, to Stool how oft he goes.
What wou'dſt thou have? He ſpeaks of all he knows.

16. EPIGRAM.

On Lesbia.

BEcauſe fair *Cloris* exc'llent Verſes writ,
And 'bove her Beauty fam'd was for her Wit;
As if to make a Poet nought did need,
But to reſolve to be one, and to ſpeed,
Thou tookſt a Pen, and ſetſt thy ſelf to write;
That is, unſpotted Paper didſt beſh——
For to expreſs thy ſenſleſs ſothiſh Stuff,
Nought can be ſaid, that's barbarous enough.
Wer't thou bewitch'd? *I ſought*, thou ſaiſt, *for Fame.*
And of the greateſt Fool th'aſt got the Name.

17. EPIGRAM.

On Milton *and* Marvel.

MIlton and *Marvel* joyn'd, 'gainſt [P.] did (thunder
But poor *Jack Marvel* was alone no wonder.

18. EPIGRAM.

On Mævius.

REfined Language, and in Mode's thy pride,
That all thy Verſe in flowing Numbers glide,
Thy Wit abounds: But then thou doſt not ſee,
That theſe ought all ſubſervient to be,
T' improve and grace a well-conceiv'd Deſign,
Twas this that made the Ancients Works Divine.
Wit, for it ſelf, theſe Sages did deride,
Reaſon they made their Pole-Star, & their Guide;
What nought promoted, idle was, or vain,
What Nature did diſtort, or over-ſtrain,
They held the Iſſue of a doting Brain.

'Gainſt

'Gainſt Laws of Prudence they did ne'r rebel,
To make their Fancies, by ſuch means, excel.
Their Heroes ſtill were Men, however brave;
Perform'd great things, and yet they did not rav
A huffing Phantom, ſtrain'd to th' higheſt Not
Senſleſs and ranting, nought but Mouth & Throa
Thou fondly fram'ſt, who does awhile amaze,
But Boys do laugh at, while they on him gaze.
In *Shakeſpear* read the Reaſon mixt with Rage,
When *Brutus* with fierce *Caſſius* does engage
In loud Expoſtulations in the Tent,
The heights of Paſſion, Turns, and the Deſcent
Obſerve, and what th' art likely to deſpiſe,
Is that in which th' Excellence chiefly lies.
Th' Ancients, when a Beauty they'd expreſs,
The Graces ſummon'd the Fair-Piece to dreſs.
A Figure, *Indian*-like, thou doſt expoſe,
With Jewels dangling at her Lips and Noſe,

Her Cheeks bor'd-thro' for Pearl & Rings of Gold,
Spoiling what Nature did Divine unfold.
But if ſhe Gorg'ous be, with Riches flaunt,
No Comelineſs in her, thou think'ſt does want.
All Wit miſplac'd, the Subject does diſgrace,
Like Gold that's carv'd into a lovely Face.
The Poets Art, not all that read, diſcry
It like a Soul couch'd in each Limb does lie,
Seen by its Pow'r, not ſubject to the Eye.
A cry'd-up Wit unto old *Hobbs* did ſay,
Virgil nor *Homer* did deſerve the Bay,
And gave this Reaſon. 'Cauſe he could not meet
One *Epigram*, in turning twenty Sheet.
Before you judge, ſaid he, go, Sot, to School,
Turn them all oe'r, not once they'll play the Fool.
Think'ſt thou ſuch Droll their matchleſs Works (wou'd crown,
Which joyns in One the Heroe and the Clown?

19. EPIGRAM.

On the Rich and Covetous.

O Wretch! whose Wealth o'er-flows, and yet is (scant;
Who, all thou hast not, & thou hast dost want;
Whose thirst of Gold no Mines of Gold can swage,
The more it gets, the more it still does rage.
Would'st thou be rich? Content, than Wealth, is (more;
Not who has little, but who wants, is poor;
The *Cynic* nothing had, nor ought did need;
Yet him in Riches he did far exceed,
Who unto endless Conquests did aspire,
And having one, more Worlds did yet desire.

20. EPIGRAM.

On the habitually Vicious.

WHere Vice is lov'd, & in time Nature made,
To tax it, seems even Nature to upbraid,

And

And not the Man: Whom if you guilty ſhow,
He thinks you do not find, but make him ſo;
Malice, not Truth, againſt him does conſpire,
That Innocent he is, the Charge a Lyer.
Did *Martial* then a thouſand Years ago,
Bely thy Follies, and thy Perſon know?
Yet he with Spleen this Day againſt thee writ,
Perhaps not half ſo home thy Follies hit.
But a ſtrong Fort more eaſie 'tis to ſtorm,
Than Vice, that's deeply rooted to reform.

21. EPIGRAM.

On Sin and Sorrow.

SIn firſt the World with Sorrow did annoy;
But bred a Child, the Parent does deſtroy.

22. EPIGRAM.

To a Friend, to whom he ſent the foregoing Epigrams *for a New-Year's-Gift.*

I Have no Turky from the Coop to ſend,
Nor Fatling of the Flock, my deareſt Friend;
Nor heap of Coin expect, when I do ſay,
I for a Preſent here before you lay,
All that this *Chriſtmas* I have got by Play.

23. EPIGRAM.

On Paula.

P*Aula*, when ever ſhe ſits down to eat,
A fav'rite Lap-Dog on each Hand does ſeat;
The Children are at greater diſtance plac'd,
And than the Brutes, in all reſpect, leſs grac'd,
Which with choice Bits ſhe faileth not to treat,
While th' others have the courſeſt of the Meat.
Children ſo Hopeful, Charming, and ſo Fair,
No Wealth, no Jewels, can with ſuch compare!

But

But theſe as Burdens ſhe beholds and Clogs.
Were theſe her Iſſue, or the little Dogs?

24. EPIGRAM.

On Lelia.

IF Wrinckles, rotten Teeth, and purchaſt Hair,
If Paint and Patches make a Woman fair,
I know not one with *Lelia* may compare.
If Youth it ſpeaks, where Folly does abound,
In all the World not One's more youthful found.

25. EPIGRAM.

On the gay Ladies of the Time.

WHen this fair Crew had canvaſt ev'ry Dreſs,
What moſt becoming was, & what was leſs:
The next Diſcourſe was, Who did moſt excel
In Brav'ry, 'mong the Gallants bear the Bell.
One ſaid, My young Lord *D*'s from Travel come,
In him you may all Grace and Vertue ſumm!

It was repli'd, I pitty thy dim Sight.
What's he to *Hart* or *Moon?* The reſt ſaid, Right.

26. EPIGRAM.

To my Book.

(*J. D.* go.

WOu'dſt skill, what th'aſt good or bad? T'
All Men judge: But he, how to judge,
(does know.

27. EPIGRAM.

On our Philoſophical Atheiſts.

GReat Lords of Senſe, who can no way digeſt,
What in the Sacred Volume is expreſt,
That an Eternal God the World did frame;
From Divine Pow'r and Wiſdom all things came;
To you 'tis clearer, all from Matter roſe,
The Dregs o' th' World did the whole World com-
Plants, Angels, Animals, Sun, Moon, & Stars, (poſe,
Nay, what we God do call, to th' knocks and jars

Of

Of Atoms, and their blund'ring Motions owe
Their Forms and Beings, theſe did all beſtow.
Th' accurate Syſtem of the Heaven and Earth.
Howe're ſtupendious, from hence took its Birth,
Opificer had here no hand, but Chance,
All was produc'd by a blind rambling Dance.
(O bleſſed Trinity! when ſuch things I hear,
How eaſie does thy Myſtery appear?)
But all wiſe Men Creation do diſclaim,
For out of Nothing, Nothing ever came.
Be't ſo; as far as Nature's Pow'r does reach.
Tho' this ore-throws, what they before did teach:
For Life, from what it ſelf was dead, they bring;
Make wiſe-Contrivance, from no Thought to ſpring.
But nothing, as abſur'd, theſe Men decry,
But what abets and proves a Deity.
Omniſcience, as Nonſenſe, they deſpiſe,
Omnipotent Pow'r, infinitely Wiſe,

Preſcience, gen'ral Providence o'er all,
Flatt'ries of God, by brainleſs Heads, they call.
Such Attributes no Mortal can conceive,
But were invented Idiots to deceive.
O wond'rous Reaſoning! O convincing Plea!
A narrow Bucket can't contain the Sea:
Therefore there's none. Brutes may as well deny,
What does tranſcend their dull Capacity.
Retire into your ſelves, go there to School,
At home you'll find, and not abroad the Fool;
That either Singularity and Pride
Makes you, what others do revere, deride:
Or elſe the Reaſon is, no God you own,
Your impious Lives require there ſhou'd be none.

28. EPIGRAM.

On a weak Poet.

THat many give thy Verſe a high Applauſe,
Thy Treats, and not their Ex'lence, is the cauſe
Thoſe

Thoſe who eat freely at thy ſumptuous Board,
The Praiſe thou lik'ſt, not what is due, afford.
This known, thou ſay'ſt, the matter to amend,
Th' are good for thee, no great things does pretend.
But who, to publiſh ought, takes up his Pen,
Muſt that produce, that's Good to other Men.

29. EPIGRAM.

On Quintus.

WHen thou luxuriouſly doſt drink and eat,
And know'ſt the Gout thou ſwallow'ſt (with thy Meat,
Yet in thy Pains thou never doſt expreſs
Any diſlike to thy belov'd exceſs:
But leſt thou ſacred Gluttony ſhould'ſt wrong,
Blam'ſt a cold Night, or ſay'ſt, I ſtood too long.

30. EPIGRAM.

On the ſame.

THou termeſt Hunger, the moſt ſharp Diſeaſe,
Did not its Remedy as highly pleaſe:

Hun-

Hungry, thou ſay'ſt, Provide me what is Good,
Search me the Air, the Foreſt, and the Flood.
This Flux and Surfeits often does procure,
Thou fear'ſt them not, thou ha'ſt for them a Cure.
Thy *Roſa-Solis*, if but for theſe, were loſt,
Gelly, and all the Cloſet's precious coſt;
Many Good-things Diſtempers bring in play.
Thus eating breeds, and drives thy Griefs away.
That Faſting's good, 'twere Treaſon here to ſay.

31. EPIGRAM.

To Sylvius.

THat I for Hawking do ſo little care,
For hnnting of the Fox, the Stag, or Hare,
Thou wondr'ſt. But to ſpeak the truth to thee,
Hunting, a mad Man's journey, ſeems to me.

32. EPIGRAM.

On Cloe.

TH'art mean in Feature, always rich in Clothes,
Which do not mend, but thy Defects expoſe,
Thou ſay'ſt, when th'art moſt brave, I laugh or ſcoul,
A Jeſt, or ominous, all Men count an Owl.

33. EPIGRAM.

On Poſthumus.

I Early waited, and ſome Suters more,
The op'ning firſt of the King's Chamber-dore,
From whence came forth a Goodly Sir to ſee,
Bulky, and ſeeming of no low Degree.
He turn'd him round, as he a ſurvey took,
But rather ſeem'd to over-look, than look.
Him to inform me, I did humbly pray,
If ſuch a Lord in the King's Chamber lay.

He

He gloted on me, but made no reply,
And of a Cam'rade ask'd, wh othere ſtood by,
Shall we to Breakfaſt have the thing you know?
And ſtrait into the Chamber back did go.
I blam'd my ſelf, that I the Rule had broke
Of Diſtance, to ſo great a Perſonage ſpoke.
When, to my wonder, he return'd again,
Took up a Broom, without the leaſt diſdain,
Dog's-Turds and Bones into a Shovel ſwep't,
But ſtill his former State and Grandure kept.

34. EPIGRAM.

On Galla

(Pride,
Galla wears rich Clothes, bears her ſelf with
Strange Arts! yet us'd, great Poverty to hide.
But while ſhe wou'd a Lover thus betray,
With too much coſt and noiſe her Lime-twigs lay,
She does not catch, but frights away the Prey.

35. EPI-

35. EPIGRAM.

On Balbus.

Balbus, who boldly in his Life had taught,
The Soul no real ſubſtance was, nor ought
But the Reſult of Matter organiz'd,
Diſſolv'd with it; their Theorem deſpis'd,
(As Nonſenſe in more ſpecious Terms diſguis'd)
Who it a Being did Immortal make,
Found after Death, too late, his ſad miſtake;
When real Fiends his living Soul did hale
To Hell, and all his Sophiſtry did fail;
When he beheld the Ghoſt without the Glaſs,
He firſt confeſs'd, h'ad reaſon'd like an Aſs.
Surly yet ſtill, and froward 'mong the dead,
To's once deny'd Tormentors thus he ſay'd.
Forbare accurſed and ungrateful Crew,
Who, like to me, both of your Prince and you

Has

Has ſo deſerv'd? Who e'er did ſo refel
What Men believ'd of God, of Heaven, and Hell?
And while I ridicul'd a Sinners Fate,
I vaſtly have enlarg'd th' Infernal State.
'Tis true, ſome Ancients did before me write,
But weakly 'twas, and in an Age of Night,
Not when Truth triumph'd in Meridian height.
The Fiends did here with feign'd Obeyſance bow,
And all he ſpoke with Rev'rent Meen allow,
Told him, to their Dread Lord's Emperial Throne
Their Orders were to bring him; where alone
Grandees o' th' Realm allowed were the Grace,
To ſhare his Honours, and to ſee his Face;
And doubted not, their King to him would doom
A Crown of Flames, even 'bove ſome Popes of
(*Rome.*

36. EPIGRAM.

——*Crepereius*

Pollio, qui triplicem Usuram præstare paratus
Circuit, & fatuos non invenit ——

TWo hundr'd Pound I to a Shop-man owe,
Paying of one, the other he'll forgoe;
Lay down the Summ, and you the Gain shall have;
My present Ease is all that I do crave.
Thus *Pollio* said. To him I did reply,
I never had for Gold a greedy Eye.
To Merchants go, who for advantage thirst,
I hate to trade, and equally to trust.

37. EPIGRAM.

On Sextus.

THou sayst, thou hast of Vice the deepest sense,
But this a Blind is only, and Pretence;
Thou 'dst have it thought, when Partridge thou dost eat,
Thou purchas't them as cheap as common Meat;

When

When thou art drunk, what of the Caſe to think
Thou doſt not know, thou didſt but ſo much (drink.
Thus Vice thou hat'ſt, but with it doſt diſpence,
And thy whole Life's Apology, and Offence.
Knaves ſell falſe Wares, Mountebanks uſe deceit,
But none like Thee, Himſelf did ever cheat.

38. EPIGRAM.

On a decay'd Beau.

DEcrepid I am grown, and more my Purſe,
I ſeek not now a Miſtreſs, but a Nurſe.
Sollicitous I was rare Stuffs to chooſe,
And richeſt Points, I'm now to mend my Shoes.

39. EPIGRAM.

To Feſtus.

TO thee an Epigram a Satyr ſeems,
That is, an allow'd Libel thou it deems,

Fol-

Follies, thou ſayſt, they ever ſet in view,
Which in particular Perſons are found true.
He that ſhall feign a Vice was never known,
Indeed, by doing ſo, will injure none;
But then this Error he does not deſcry,
As he no Libel writes, he writes a Lye.
That which in Nature to no eye appears,
And merits to be crown'd with Aſſes Ears.
He ſees not too, while his ore-cautious Mind
Is none to gall, he ſlanders all Mankind.
While he who in true Colours does expoſe
Vice, but to Contempt no Man's Name diſcloſe,
(In that all Vice in many does agree)
Tho' ſome are ſtung, all from Diſgrace are free.
The Crime, 'tis true, is ſet in broadeſt Light,
But ſtill the Man's unknown, and out of ſight.
And who ſhall ſay, ſuch Verſes him expreſs?
While no way, charg'd, he does his Guilt confeſs.

40. EPIGRAM.

To the ſame,

I Not deny an *Epigram* to be
A *Satyr*; but a *Satyr* unto thee
And *Libel* are the ſame; to tax a Crime,
And Vertue to defame in lewdeſt Rime
All one; a Vice to ſcourge and to diſgrace,
And Honours nobleſt Monuments to deface,
As Satyr Vice expoſes unto ſcorn,
So it no leſs all Vertue does adorn:
And as beſt Ages Libellers defame,
Among their *Prieſts* their *Satyriſts* they name.

41. EPIGRAM.

To Sextus.

TO eat what's wholſom is my chiefeſt Care,
What pleaſes moſt the Pallate, is thy fare.

Alas,

Alas, I beg thy Pardon for my Treat,
Which did thy ſelf, thy Gout, and Stone defeat.

42. EPIGRAM.

To Rufus.

T' Excuſe thy ſilence, thou do'ſt oft delight.
Tho' nought to ſay. The Fault were then to (write

43. EPIGRAM.

On Miſs Nell.

PRetty Miſs *Nell*, her Mother being dead,
Her Father brought to *London* to be bred.
A Friend, 'mong other Sights, ſhew'd her the Park,
Where ſhe beheld each choice and ruffling Spark
Of either Sex, and gilded Coaches full,
Of *Fops*, and *Beaus*, and many a Gold-lac'd (*Trull.*

The gaudy Pageantry ſhe did much admire,
And their looſe Courtſhip ſet her Heart on fire
To bear a Part, tho' hopeleſs her deſire.
Returning home, her ſtate ſhe 'gan compare
With what ſh'ad ſeen, and ready to deſpair,
An unknown Hand Relief to her did bring.
'I ſaw you, Sweet, ſay'd one, in *Hide-Park-Ring*,
'In a vile Hackny, with a Bag of Hay,
'And Figures at its Tale: If me y' obey,
'There's not a Gaz'd-at Piece in all the Town,
'Shall equal you in Glory and Renown.
She had no ſtrength 'gainſt ſuch a Powerful Spell,
But cloſed ſtreight, and bid no one farewell.
Er'e many Days did paſs, the Country Girl
Was richly Coach't, ſet by a bare-head Earl.
Her flaunting Gallantry you might ſee a-far,
Whore now her ſelf, a *Wonder*, and a *Star*.

44. EPIGRAM.

On Amarillis.

LOoſe *Amarillis*, conſcious of her Vice,
Brands all her Sex, even the moſt chaſte & nice.
If you ſay, *Fulvia* bears a modeſt Brow,
No modeſty in her ſhe will allow;
That *Marcellina*'s of unblemiſh'd Fame,
She knows with whom ſhe loſt her vertuous Name;
That *Dian*'s ſelf, than *Silvia*'s not more pure,
We err, ſhe ſays, then moſt, when moſt ſecure;
If you ſhou'd reckon-up a hundr'd more,
'Twixt *Woman* ſhe no diff'rence makes, and *Whore*.
In Vertue 'cauſe with none ſhe's equal found,
With Guilt all Womens Honour ſhe'd confound,
To make them ſtand with her on level Ground,

45. EPIGRAM.

On Miſs Nell.

HOw is't, Miſs *Nelly*? you ſeem wond'rous ſad.
The wonder is, ſay'd ſhe, I am not mad.
I am undone, and by a paultry Jade,
My Lord has caſt me off, and ta'ne my Maid.
Think not your Caſe o're-ſtrange, your Shoulders (ſhrug,
Beauty enjoy'd, is after but a drug.

46. EPIGRAM.

Miſs Nell *reveng'd.*

MIſs *Nell*, altho' forlorn and diſcontent,
Home to return, her Heart would not con- (ſent:
But after ſome debate, and inward ſtrife,
What Courſe to take, 'fore all an Actors Life
Moſt took. In her gay Days ſome Plays ſh'ad ſeen,
And the Thought pleas'd, but even to act a Queen.

Her

Her Youth was freſh, her Fault did not impare
Her Beauty, lovely ſhe was ſtill and fair;
Nor readier this way ſhe her ſelf t' engage,
Than they concern'd t' admit her on the Stage.
Where while ſhe ſtood a Mute, boldneſs to acquire,
Th' Aud'ence, 'bove all that ſpoke, did her admire.
And when ſet-off w' th' Magick of a Part,
All Eyes ſhe daz'll'd, raviſh'd every Heart.
The Houſe, new Plays and Scenes, ſometime might ſpare.
'Twas Call enough, if *Nell* appear'd there:
Nor fear'd ſhe now again to b' out of date,
Her a new Creature each Day did create,
A Nymph, a Goddeſs, Heroine, or Queen,
All which ſhe ſuited with a charming Mein.
And none was found this Idol to adore,
Like her falſe Lord, that ſlighted her before.
He woos, he offers Land, for Love now dies,
And her Turn 'twas, th' Inconſtant to deſpiſe.

47. EPIGRAM.

On Zoilus.

WHen thou nor Wealth, nor Beauty can'ſt (pretend,
Thy ſelf by Birth or Bravery commend,
Which are the things take with the fairer Sex,
Them, with thy hourly Courtſhip, why do'ſt vex?
The young and old thy very ſight deteſt,
Thy Rivals thee affront, and make their Jeſt.
A Lover's high Ambition's to be priz'd;
Is thine alone to be of all deſpis'd?

48. EPIGRAM.

On Baſſus.

WHo the Philoſopher does ſo much affect,
Comport ſo truly with in Words and ſage
As *Baſſus* does? ſo ſharply who declames (Aſpect,
Gainſt Vice, the trifling'ſt Over-ſights ſo blames?

And

And then the frailer Sex are moſt his Care,
In Vertues Paths to guide the Young and Fair.
Theſe he inſtructs, chides, of't in fervent Zeal
Upon their Necks a Spiritual Kiſs will ſeal.
But this is far from any Wanton Feat,
But done in Tranſport of a Holy Heat,
When his Reproofs and Counſels are moſt warm,
And far ſurmount the Pow'r of Beauties Charm.
If any ſtart, or a diſlike do ſhow,
What he has done, he leaſt himſelf does know,
Amaz'dly ask's, with an aſtoniſh'd Mein,
Not diſcompos'd, while they to Bluſh are ſeen.
Then what he ſeems, nor ſhould I judge him other,
As *Nell* he kiſs'd, if he had kiſt her Mother.

49. EPIGRAM.
On Rodia.

IF ought to *Rodia* you do give in Charge,
And leave the thing to her to do at large,

No

No thought about it ſhe at all will take :
But act like one, that is but half awake.
Knowing of this, if you to her ſhall ſay,
I'd have it done preciſely ſuch a way :
Then ſhe begins to think, each Stone to turn,
An other way to do't, and yours to ſhun.
If this diſpleaſes, ſhe her Caſe bewails,
Thinks you to blame, and that ſhe never fails.
There's no ſo awkward and vexatious Tool,
As an unthinking or a thinking Fool.

50. EPIGRAM.

The Grove.

RAck'd with ſharp Pains, and quite caſt-down (with Grief,
Into a Grove I walk'd, to ſeek relief.
In a cloſe ſhade a wanton Couple lay,
I fled the ſight, as they did fly the Day,

And

And turn'd my ſteps into a pleaſant Glade,
Where the freſh Spring in gorg'ous Robes arrai'd,
The Air, the Flow'rs, and charming *Sylvan* Choir,
To make a Paradiſe did all conſpire.
Among the Bows a wond'rous Bird did ſing,
Brief Joys eternity of Woe do bring;
Which anſwer'd was by one of the like kind,
Suff'rings, tho' ſhort, eternal Bliſs do find.
E're my diſtracted Thoughts collect I cou'd,
A third Voice ſaid, proceeding from the Wood,
Both Songs are true, if rightful underſtood.
Muſing on what theſe Voices did relate,
I found they Humane Joys and Griefs did ſtate,
Declar'd their preſent Lot, and future Fate.
And tho' my Pains ſtill urg'd me as before,
Home I return'd, and them more eas'ly bore,
And than the *Wantons Bliſs* eſteem'd them more.

51. EPIGRAM.

To the Vertuous.

'Tis ſaid of *Cæſar*, That he ſet at nought,
The moſt Heroick Actions he had wrought,
And ſtill at Greater aim'd, at the ſame rate
Men Others do, Himſelf did emulate.
In Vertues Race the like Ambition ſhew,
Think nothing's done, while more thou ha'ſt to do.
Thoſe that ſtand ſtill, this detriment have found,
They ever loſe, when they advance no Ground,
Cæſar ne'r ſtop'd, till he attain'd a Crown,
And *thou, on this ſide Heaven, wilt ſit inglorius down.*

52. EPIGRAM.

On C. O. *being very Ingenious, and dying young.*

UNder this Leaf of Marble I do lie,
Early I liv'd, as early I did die;

As

As ſoon as I cou'd read, I ſought to know,
Not Childiſh Tales, but how the World did go;
How with the King the Houſes did comply,
What Intereſt *France* unto the *Port* did tie,
The School was my Delight, the dread of Boys,
But Sickneſs twice did ſnatch me from thoſe Joys,
My Spirit broke, and kep't me ever low,
Where I ſhou'd ſoar, 'twas well if I cou'd go.
A pow'rful Preacher I did more admire,
In Gifts, as Place, than's Hearers mounted higher
Than all the Stages Gauds, and glitt'ring Attire.
In my ninth Year I felt the Flame of Love,
All what that Paſſion had Divine, did prove;
In an Abyſs of Beauty I was loſt,
A brighter Form or Soul none e're did boaſt,
And none cou'd ſay, which ſpoke the Angel moſt.
Much I experienc'd in my Life's ſhort ſpan,
Some threeſcore Years ſhow not ſo much of Man,

My

My Days were few, yet I out-liv'd my Date,
Great Care and Love did ſo conteſt with Fate.

53. EPIGRAM.

On Mrs. S. H.

WHo Amber chafes, does nought but Odor find,
Becauſe the Maſs is all of one rich kind:
So who bright (*H.*) ſhall prove, will nought but (Grace
And Vertue find, what ſuits a Cherubs Face.
And as the Angels, when on Meſſage ſent,
Did Heaven bear with them, whereſoe'er they (went:
So ſuch an Air of Ex'llence ſhe does ſhow,
A Court ſeems with her, nay a Heaven to go.
And when her Beauties neer her any draw,
Whom they attract, they alſo keep in awe;
And all they act or ſpeak is mix't with fear
Wrapt, e'er aware, in ſo Divine a Sphere.

54. EPIGRAM.

GReat Lights o' th' Church, Glory o' th' latter (Age,
Who Popiſh Falſhood, and Schiſmatick Rage,
So ſtrongly ſtemm, *Hooker*, *Hammond*, *Uſher*,
Morton, *Andrews*, *Chillingworth*, and *Taylor*,
Jackſon, *Patrick*, *Stillingfleet*, *Cudworth*, *More*.
You few I name out of the mighty ſtore,
Not aiming a juſt Cat'logue to recite,
But a ſhort curtail Epigram to write:
And that your Names in Rythm I not reherſe,
Too Grave they are to gingle in a Verſe.
Nor hope I vainly here t' augment your Fame,
But raiſe mine own, while you I barely name.

55. EPIGRAM.

To the Muſes.

NOt unto you, nor yet unto my Brain,
I owe theſe Shreds of Verſe, but unto Pain:

Nor

Nor have I cauſe to grieve, if none they pleaſe,
Since *Laudanum* and *Rythm* of't gave me Eaſe.

56. EPIGRAM.

To Admiral Killigrew.

THe Standard bear aloft, and boldly ſhow,
Th' Ocean's Glory, Terror of the Foe;
With outward Pride and Dread to all appear,
And where thou ought'ſt, be a true Cauſe of Fear,
But kind and civil unto all draw-near.
Firmly thy juſt Authority maintain,
But Inſolent Command as much diſdain.
When thou aſſault'ſt, let th' Adverſary find,
Storm, Thunder, Lightning, in thy Ship combin'd.
Should an unequal Force chance to diſtreſs,
There let thy Courage riſe, but not grow leſs;
Buoy-up what's weak, bravely make good the ſpot,
Valour has often turn'd in Fight the Lot.

Thy

Thy God's, thy King's, thy Country's Intereſt bear
In mind, with them let thine own Honour ſhare,
And what with theſe can poiſe, or yet compare?
Alone then fear, when not, wou'd Raſhneſs ſhow,
When Danger's high, th' Advantage mean & low.
Malice and Envy with Scorn only treat,
Like little Billows 'gainſt thy Ship that beat.
Shall I now ſay, I 'ave taught thee here thy Part?
No: I have ſpoke, but what in truth Thou art.

57. EPIGRAM.

To the Poets of the Time.

NO Age 'fore this ſo many Poets bred,
Nor Wit was known to have ſo large a Spred;
Time's paſt't, who writ, rarely did miſs of Fame,
Good Verſe now's read, & not th' Author's Name;
What Works were then admir'd, & brightly ſhon,
Are now new writ, eclips't, and far out-done;

The Classics we not only English't see,
But whom themselves, *Virgil*'s and *Ovid*'s be;
Nor *Pindar*'s, nor *Lucilius*'s are scant,
Plautus and *Sophocles* yet less we want,
The Stage was never in so high a Flaunt.

But what's defective, and with-all more strange,
In this so large and bold Poetick Range,
Not one attempts the Epigrammic strain,
Has try'd his Force in *Martials* sprightly Vein.
Malice nor Slander dares this thing avow,
None do his Wit conceive, or it allow.
How comes it then, that he neglected stands,
Or what's all one, left to Unskilful Hands?
Is't *Johnson* does in Epigram excel?
Be it so: Yet where he has writ as well,
With Good Success some bravely have essay'd,
And Noble Voyages have also made.

It, Sacyr were, if I the Cause shou'd say,
'Tis not in Mode, *France* has not led the Way.
Let *France* teach Fops to Dance, & Girls to Dress,
Preside ore Shoe-tyes, not controul our Press.

58. EPIGRAM.

To the same.

I Here invite, if that won't do, I dare,
The keenest Wits with *Martial* to compare.
If with my self, you do suspect, I mean,
I'll bear-up like *Asyusia* in the Scene,
However weak, provoke, affront, defie,
M' Aim being not to fight, but nobly die;
Write therefore, nay abuse, I have my End,
Whose Pen wounds deepest is my dearest Friend.

59. EPIGRAM.

To Linus.

WHy rageſt thou, when counsell'd for thy good?
Have I traduc'd thee, or mis-understood?

Expos'd to ſhame, or what's more hardly bore,
Not ſought thy Cure, but thee inſulted ore?
If none of theſe, why without care of Right,
Do'ſt thou recriminate, to ſhow thy Spight?
Make me in thine, and yet worſe Follies ſhare?
Triumph when done, as all with thee were fair?
Can'ſt thou believe, thy Spleen did'ſt juſtly vent,
An other's Guilt can make thee Innocent?

60. EPIGRAM.

To the ſame.

COnfute and Error in an honeſt Mind,
Honour and Love you in return will find.
But where Truth's hated, Error rooted-in,
They hate thoſe bring a Light upon their Sin.

61. EPIGRAM.

On Goodneſs.

GOodneſs o' th' Good does work, rarely on the (Evil,
An Angel firſt in Heaven became a Devil.

62. EPI-

62. EPIGRAM.

The General Lover.

I All do love are Excellent and Fair,
My Miſtreſſes, not knowing it, ſuch are;
The Witty, Shapely, Gallant, Brown and Bright,
Their various Graces variouſly delight;
When they are beſt ſet-forth for Publick view,
And moſt ambitiouſly their Glories ſhew,
'Tis me they court, tho' nought they leſs deſign,
Nor uſe I any Means to make them mine.
If any ſcorn, and to ſhew Pride affect,
I pay them, unconcern'd, the ſame Reſpect.
Where Beauty reigns, I there no Fault do find,
Th' are all alike to me Kind or Unkind.
But thou who unto One thy Heart do'ſt tie,
Even thoſe excel, diſguſt thy partial Eye;
And if this One be moody or diſdain,
Thy Peace is loſt, and wretched Thou art ſlain.

But then thou say'ſt, while All I thus approve,
Not One does me reciprocally love,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Quinteſſence of Joy,
But I a fond and deſpicable Toy.
Beauty, at diſtance, Divine Rays does ſhed,
But none e'er met a Goddeſs in his Bed;
Tho' Eyes, we Stars do call, when they are bright,
A vulgar Error 'tis, they ſhine by Night.

63. EPIGRAM.

On Sextus.

WHat ever Sea or Land do rare afford,
In Seaſon's ſerv'd at thy volupt'ous Board;
Thy Cook with no leſs Art does theſe prepare,
And for thy ſelf is all this coſtly Fare:
Yet thou a Glutton's Name in ill-part tak'ſt,
And tell'ſt what ſober Meals thou often mak'ſt.
Were't thou not ſick? or elſe diſlik't thy Meat?
And think'ſt th'art temperate, when thou can'ſt not eat.

64. EPIGRAM.

To Silius.

Silius, of late, it was my chance to meet,
Who with ſurprizing Kindneſs did me greet,
He hugg'd me, kiſs't me, even for Joy did weep.
My beſt of Friends, ſay'd he, you'll alſo ſteep
Your Eyes in Tears, when I ſhall let you know,
What I in *Perſia* late did undergo.
Oh, the vaſt Deſerts! Oh, the dang'rous Sand!
The Hardſhips I ſuſtain'd by Sea and Land! ——
In ſhort, his Carr'age had ſuch tender Charms,
As forc'd me ſympathize in all his Harms.
But when within my Mind I did revolve
Our kind Encounter, it poſ'd me to reſolve,
When our huge Amity at firſt began,
All I cou'd ſay, was, I had ſeen the Man;
And wonder'd much at ſuch his Magick Pow'r,
Cou'd perfect Friendſhip leſs than in an Hour.

While thus the Novelty did me confound,
He did the Myſtery himſelf expound.
Thou needs, ſays he, muſt lend me Twenty-pound.

65. EPIGRAM.

On Zoilus.

Zoilus, how do you? I did only ſay.
My Luſt, he anſwer'd, does not yet decay,
Vaſtly I eat; and, laughing, did diſcloſe,
After a Feaſt, what late befel his Hoſe——
Hold, I then cry'd, I ſee your Hand is inn ——
Plain Truth, I ne'r before, did think a Sin.

66. EPIGRAM.

On Bibulus.

Bibulus, mean of Birth, but high in Place,
Scarce to the Nobl'ſt will vouchſafe the Grace
To re-ſalute, or anſwer, when they ſpeak,
But from their Court regardleſly does break:

While

While with Careſſes ſome make humble ſuit,
All Complement, but unto all he's mute.
Uneaſie ſhews, even at a kind Addreſs,
As Courtecy it ſelf did him oppreſs.

As I did muſe, who was the happy He,
Cou'd to's faſtidious Humour grateful be,
Into the Room there came an uncouth *Wight*,
Known by Inſtinct, I think, e'er come in ſight:
For *Bibulus*, e'er you cou'd ſay, What's this?
Found him, embrac'd him, met him with a kiſs;
Hands they did ſhake, and for a pretty ſpace,
One's rube Noſe joyn'd t'other's purple Face.

They ſmil'd, that cou'd the Myſt'ry unfold.
The Man, it ſeems, drunk ſtiff, and good Wine ſold.
Lovers and Courtiers Rivals do not brook,
But Drunkards kindly on their Rivals look.

67. EPIGRAM.

To the Generous.

THe *Jew* all Interest was forbid to take,
Advantage, from his Brothers Want, to make.
Their wise Men, from this Law, did thus decree,
Thy Brother *Jew* shall not Obsequious be,
For any Loan pay servile Usury,
Crouch, or demean himself more abject low,
Pay a Respect, before he did not owe.

68. EPIGRAM.

On a Lady's Musick-Book richly bound.

WHoever takes me in his Hand,
These things I give him in Command.
That he not, idly, let me fall,
Nor hold me yet for good and all;
That he defile me with no Smutch,
My Gilding was not lay'd for such;

That

That he transcrib's, by ſtealth, no Air,
My Leaves, for any uſes, tear;
That he fills not my void-Spaces,
With the Draughts of filthy Faces;
No, nor inſert his Miſtreſs Name,
Or yet his own. Go ſeek thee Fame
On *Greenwich* Leads, or top of *Paul's*,
Where ſuch-like Worthies make their Scrales,
There leaving carv'd their Names and Feet,
Monuments for their Glories meet.
Art and Coſt made me thus fair,
To treaſure, like my ſelf, things rare;
To ſerve a Miſtreſs of Great Name,
Of ſo Divine a Voice and Frame,
That neither can the Ears or Eyes
Say in which moſt the Angel lies,
If then what's artleſs, vile, or rude,
A brutiſh Hand ſhall here obtrude,

Know,

Know, where Excellence high appears,
There hideous ſhow the Aſſes Ears.

69. EPIGRAM.

On Rufus.

THou often boaſt'ſt, how free thou art from (blame,
If none do praiſe thee, none can alſo ſhame.
Boaſt thy good Luck, that th'art not underſtood,
There muſt be Evil, where is found no Good.

70. EPIGRAM.

On the ſame.

NO Drunkard, nor Adulterer thou art,
With Cheat, or Robber ever act'ſt a part.
The Riddle's dark, in truth, I can't deny:
Faith, now expound, where-in thy Vices lie.

71. EPIGRAM.

On Frances.

Frances advanc'd to Chamber-Maids degree,
Vouchſaf'd ſometimes her Country Friends to ſee:
And more to ſhew her Courtly Air and Art,
As ſhe wore Silks, ſhe acted too the Part
Of a fine Lady. On a ſultry day,
As ſoon as come, her Neck ſhe did diſplay,
Much better hid, gave one her Scarf to hold,
Her Fan and Gloves to thoſe that were ſo bold
(Which all were not) to touch ſuch precious things.
She ſtript up high her Arms, brandiſh't her Rings,
Toſs't her Locks, flounc't t' expreſs a gallant Mein,
Tho' to ſay truth, not over-ſweet nor clean.
Talk't loud and fulſom, wry'd her Mouth & Face,
What ere ſhe thought wou'd add the greater Grace.
To taſte of their courſe Fare, they her did pray.
Which ſquemiſhly, good Breeding to betray,

She

She did accept: But like a Wolf did eat,
(Lac'd Shoes at home abounded more than Meat.)
When she was gone, and all began t' admire
Her stately Way, Genteelness, and Attire,
A Girl there said, Mother, what e'er you think,
I, for my part, smelt Mistress *France* stink.

72. EPIGRAM.

On Scipio Africanus.

Antiochus chose rather to defie
The *Roman* Pow'r, than with it to comply:
His Forces broke, and utterly defeat,
In this submissive manner he did treat,
Not what before the War you did demand,
We yield, but all you shall beside command.
The Noble *Scipio* thus did answer make,
Rome no Advantage does from Fortune take,
As she does scorn to stoop to adverse Fate,
By Prosp'rous she is never more elate.

Our

Our Actions Juſtice, not Succeſs, does guide,
We ask the ſame, which you before deny'd.

73. EPIGRAM.

On Claudia.

FAir *Claudia* wants no ſweet and pow'rful Charms,
Her Eyes wound deep, and cure the pleaſing harms;
None can her Graces with ſuch truth impart,
As I that feell them in my captiv'd Heart.
Yet when Divine *Emilia* does appear,
Claudia, ſo many aws, her ſelf does fear;
Sighs and ſheds Tears to ſee her Empire wain,
A greater Ex'lence o'er her leſſer Reign.
While thus I ſpoke, the ſmart and angry twang
Of *Cupid*'s Bow-ſtring i' the Air loudly rang.
Traitor, ſaid he, *and canſt thou then approve,*
An others Grace 'bove hers that thou doſt love?

74. EPIGRAM.

On a feign'd Friend.

WHen ought thou need'ſt, thou do'ſt it ſo demand,
Not as one ſues, but one that does command
In Friendſhip's Name. Thou ſay'ſt, a Friend is known,
When in Diſtreſſes he his Friend will own.
This is a Truth, which all will thee allow:
But then at other times, I know not how,
So ſtrange thou art, thou ſcarce do'ſt know my Face,
Or with a bare Good-morrow wilt me grace;
Ore-ſee'ſt me oft, induſtriouſly do'ſt ſhun,
Is't Friendſhip only then, to ſerve thy turn?

75. EPIGRAM.

On Dionyſius.

DIonyſius, ambitious was to be,
Tyrant no leſs o'er Wit, than *Sicily*:

As

As he his Countries Laws had broke before,
The *Muſes* he as barb'rouſly ore-bore.
A *Poem* to *Phyloxenes* did ſhow,
Commanding there-upon his Thoughts to know,
Who true to's Judgment, to his Safety raſh,
Defac'd the whole Performance with one daſh.
For which the Tyrant did in rage confine
His Judge to dig in Fetters in the Mine.
But diſciplin'd, did him again reſtore,
And ſhew'd him other Verſes, as before,
Reading them now, the better to diſplay,
Wherein their Grace and Elegancy lay.
Phyloxenes, e'er half the Book was done,
On's own accord, beckon'd the Guards to come,
And back convey him to the Mine again,
To dig, than hear, holding it leſſer Pain.

76. EPIGRAM.

On Dr. Rugely, *robb'd and wounded.*

GReat Nat'raliſt, good Chriſtian, and Divine,
Tho' rarely ſeen, in thee they all combine.
So knowing, yet ſo tender in thy Art,
That Patient and Phyſician both thou art;
And tho' Oracular th' Advices are,
Yet for the Sick thou of't vouchſaf'ſt to fear.
As robb'd and wounded, had'ſt thou too been ſlain,
How many Hundreds had receiv'd their Bain?
Thy Goodneſs weigh'd, and Good that thou do'ſt (do,
Death had been Sacriledge and Murder too.
Fit Veng'ance for this Crime no Tongue can tell,
As it was hatch'd, it muſt be purg'd in Hell.

77. EPIGRAM.

On the young Man in the Goſpel.

THe rich young Man, who in the Goſpel thought
No Terms were hard, which unto Heaven Men brought,
When our Lord ſay'd, *If thou wilt perfect be,*
Sell all thou ha'ſt, and come and follow me.
He thought even Heaven cou'd not his loſs repay:
And tho' he briskly came, dejected went away.

78. EPIGRAM.

On Dionyſius.

PHyloxenes no Cruelties cou'd tame,
Or ſcorn the Tyrant *Dionyſius* ſhame:
But Verſes on him he wou'd ſtill obtrude,
How'ere before his Cenſure had been rude.
The Tyrant oft, reciting, drop'd a Tear,
Phyloxenes, affected to appear,
Said, Me too, what you read, it pity'd much to hear.

79. EPIGRAM.

On Madam Pen.

WHy, Madam *Pen*, in ſuch a fume and pet?
Th'Affront, ſaid ſhe, wou'd make even Patience fret.
'Tis bad enough to call one Trapes and Jade,
Inſufferable, *old and ancient Maid.*

80. EPIGRAM.

On Rome.

WE grudge not *Rome* thy Secular Renown,
Uſurped Primacy, or Triple-Crown;
Right of Communion we do only claim,
While with the ancient Church our Faith's the ſame,
While her three Creeds and Councils we embrace,
In all things ſtrictly do her Foot-ſteps trace;
The Scripture Canon, which thou call'd'ſt thine
Four hundred Years, is that we alſo own,

En-

Enrag'd, thou ſay'ſt, What is all this to thee?
Where is thy claim'd Infallibility,
Thy Purgatory, Power to diſpence,
With whatſoe'er the Scripture makes Offence?
Thy Image-Worſhip, Worſhip of the Croſs,
Of Saints and Angels, be it with the loſs
Of a Commandment? Let *Tramontans* rebel,
Thy Pow'r does yet extend to Heaven and Hell.
Think we, 'cauſe Chriſtians, to avoid the Doom
Of *Hereticks*, while Enemies to *Rome?*
Thy Artifices we have all diſclos'd,
Thy Cheats and Novelties to' th' World expos'd,
Open'd all Nations Eyes, and made them ſee,
How weakly thy Pretences founded be.
But what's our Gain? b' th' Pains we have employ'd,
W' have that confirm'd, we hop'd to have deſtroi'd.
What by a Criple-Faith thou had'ſt before,
Thou hold'ſt by Int'reſt now, a Nobler Score:

All Kings and States are at this Day thy Friends,
Not as, Times paſt, deceiv'd, but for their Ends.
Peter, his Keys, conſigned in a Miſt,
And loſt they h'd been, and perhaps never miſs't,
Had'ſt thou not found & ſeiz'd them: for a while,
An ignorant World theſe ſerved to beguile:
But now thou do'ſt not on ſuch ſhifts rely,
No Pow'r's ſo Great, thou dare'ſt not to defie.
W'are ſawcy therefore thus to claim Communion,
To hold with Thee a Parity and Union.
Do we for Pardon ſue, and for Protection?
What we Communion call, ſhou'd be Subjection.

81. EPIGRAM.
To Lelia.

THou wou'dſt my Love I ſhou'd to thee engage,
Becauſe we both do ſuit ſo well in Age:
But my own Wrinkles me offend and fright,
Expect'ſt thou then I ſhou'd in thine delight?

The

The Motive us'd, ought rather us to ſever,
Or elſe to bed us in a Grave together.

82. EPIGRAM.

To my new Lord——

BEcauſe thou ſaw'ſt I pay'd thee a Reſpect,
Thou therefore did'ſt return me thy Neglect:
As if thy Honour were not thee allow'd,
Unleſs to thoſe thou meet'ſt, thou might'ſt be Proud.
Civil to be, I ever held my part,
Not that I valu'd thee, or what thou art.
When next I meet thee, I'll no Cap afford.
Senſleſs a 'Squire; but down-right Brute, a Lord.

83. EPIGRAM.

On a Lyer.

WHen 'tis a Lye, thou tell'ſt it with that Art,
Thou winn'ſt belief from ev'ry Ear & Heart:
But Truth ſo lamely always do'ſt report,
Becauſe it needs no Wit for its ſupport,

That none receive the things that they do hear,
But with a wrong and a miſtaken Cheer.
Held in the dark by that which thou do'ſt tell
Rejoyce in Evil, mourn when all is well,
Thou bane of Converſe, and thou greateſt Curſe,
Who ſtifleſt Good, and of't mak'ſt Evils worſe.

84. EPIGRAM.

By way of Dialogue between the Author and his Friend.

Fr.] WHat makes thee, *Probus*, in thy latter days,
As youthful ſtill, covet a Wreath of Bays?

Prob.] Some hours, in ſerious reading, I can ſpend,
But long my Faculties I cannot bend,
As in times paſt: Tir'd, I Refreſhment find,
In the Amuſements of a roving Mind.
All Pleaſures of the World from me are fled,
And (I rejoyce) ſome Years before me dead.

Friends

Friends ſay they come Reſpect and Love to pay,
But glad they are, when they can get away:
And 'twere a ſhame, at this my Age to ſhow,
Content to any, but my ſelf, I owe.
Epigrams afford a great Variety,
And ne'er are tir'd, or tiring Company;
The Wiſe, the Fooliſh, Jocular, and Sad,
The Noble, Serious, I ſee here, and Mad.
And like a Farce, if ſome appear but mean,
Others diſplay again a Glorious Scene.
My Life I not with thine, but theirs, compare,
Who droop their Days out in a ſleeping-Chair.

85. EPIGRAM.

On Demas.

ART thou ſo mope't, paſt fourſcore Years, to (wed?
A Woman to betray (as may be ſaid)
Unto a Grave, not to a Nuptial-Bed?

Thou

Thou call'ſt thy walking Skelliton, a Life;
And avow'd Baud'ry, by the Name of Wife.

86. EPIGRAM.

On Laura.

MOſt lovely Maid! of ſo Divine a Frame,
We ſee in thee, all we can Ex'llent name;
The ſweetneſs of a Spring thy Youth does ſumm,
And promis'd Bleſſings of the Year to come.
Yet thou wert ſlighted lately on the ſcore,
A Bunch-Back brought upon't two thouſand more.
With whom thy cautious Gallant did engage:
But ſhortly after, purchas't from the Stage
A Proſtitute, ſet all, for her, at nought,
And thought his Rotten-Ware was cheaply bought,
Thus, when to ſeek a Wife, ſuch Muck-Worms go,
You'd ſwear they went to Market, not to woo;

They

They do ſo huckſter, bargain, and demur,
Vertue and Beauty are not any Spur,
To make their Earthy ſordid Minds lay-hold
On that, which gain'd, wou'd all they have turn
(Gold.

87. EPIGRAM.

On Theonina.

IN Cenſure ſpiteful, Defamation bold,
Young but in Years, and yet in Miſchief old;
Lyes are thy Paſtime, Slander is thy Food,
To hatch ſome Evil thou do'ſt always brood;
Thou fear'ſt no Sin, where thou do'ſt fear no Law,
Puniſhment may, but Conſcience ne'er did awe.
Since in what's Bad thou glory'ſt to excel,
There is a King: Be thou the Queen of Hell.

88. EPIGRAM.

To Decius.

WHen thy raſh Tongue 'gainſt Vertue does tranſgreſs,
Thus thou do'ſt ſpeak, to make thy Folly leſs.
I never am ſtrait-lac'd, *Probus*, 'fore thee,
No Pedant, Noble, one of our Degree.
What e'er thou mak'ſt me to thy ſelf-appear,
Noble I am, when Vertue I revere.

89. EPIGRAM.

On a debauch'd Wit.

TH'aſt read ſome Poets, that the Grape adore,
Idolize Wit, looſe Life, a rampant Who——
Deſpiſe all Vertue, as below their Care,
And high, on theſe accounts, their Heads they bear.
Theſe thou admir'ſt; their Leſſons do'ſt tranſcribe,
And glori'ſt to be liſted of their Tribe.

Drink'ſt,

Drink'ſt, rant'ſt, blaſphem'ſt, & often do'ſt complain
When thou do'ſt want thy Vices to maintain,
None do true Worth regard: and full of Wine,
Think'ſt thou art Great in Parts, ſomething Di-
(vine.
Had'ſt thou thy due, thou ſhou'd be rank'd with
(Swine,

90. EPIGRAM.

On an Old Dotard.

I'M fourſcore Years & more: yet I wou'd wed,
Tho' paſt the Duties of the Marr'age-Bed.
And ſham'ſt thou not, ſuch Thoughts to entertain,
Which thy Religion, Honour, Age, do ſtain?
Ha'ſt thou no Moral Strength, if not Divine,
That thus below a Man thou do'ſt decline?
Let no falſe Principle thy Heart abuſe,
Marr'age it ſelf will not thy Luſt excuſe.
It was ordain'd this raging Sin to tame,
Not to foment and keep alive its Flame.

91. EPIGRAM.

On a drunken Quack.

BUtler, Great *Butler*, thou do'ſt often ſay,
I make my Rule, his Method, and his Way!
He, a Good-Fellow was, and lov'd good Wine,
Nor to Moroſneſs will I e'er incline.
Thus Idle-hours, that is, thy Life, thou ſpend'ſt,
The Day in Drink begin'ſt, and in Drink end'ſt.
Soak'ſt it like *Butler*, not like him do'ſt read,
A Bottle mak'ſt all Books to ſuperſede.
A Great Drunkard thou may'ſt arrive to be,
But a Great Doctor we ſhall never ſee.

92. EPIGRAM.

The Invitation of a Friend.

COme dine with me to day, and you'll revive,
Thoſe drooping Spirits, are but juſt alive.

All

All ſweet and pure you ev'ry where ſhall find,
The Senſes pleas'd, do recreate the Mind ;
Your Sight and Smell luxurioufly I'll treat,
E'er I do ſet before you ought to eat.
Nor ſhall your Welcome yet be wholly airy,
As if I feaſted not a Man, but Fairy.
Ven'ſon I have, young Partidges, and Hare,
Some Home-Proviſions, that may prove as rare ;
Wine from the Soil immediately that's brought
Of various Kinds, all Preſents, and not bought.
Choice Fruits and Herbs I not vouchſafe to name,
Aiming to day to reach *Lucullus* Fame.
We'll eat alone, unleſs a Third appear,
That will not check our Mirth, but mend our (Chear :
Prudence in whom does ſo out-vie what's fair,
You'll think all Vertue preſent, when ſhe's there.

She'll not importune with her Speech or ſtay,
Tho' all be Ex'llent that you hear her ſay,
And ſad you'll be, when ſhe does go away.

The Board remov'd, the ſober Fumes of Wine
Our Thoughts ſhall wing to ſomething that's Di-
(vine,
We'll that diſcourſe, which Vertue may improve,
Even at our Years, our Knowledge, & our Love;
Confer what eithers Muſe did late inſpire,
Thou mine ſhalt judge, while I do thine admire.

93. EPIGRAM.

To the Jealous Reader.

EV'ry new *Epigram* that thou doſt ſee,
Without all Cauſe thou fear'ſt decyphers thee.
But the *Satyrick-Mirror* ſhews the Caſe,
Or Vice, never reflects Mens outward Face.

94. EPIGRAM.

On Criticus.

Marius, thou say'st, in Knowledge not abounds,
His Books are few, and weak in Arts his Grounds;
Thou, in all Learning and all Tongues, art skill'd,
Thy Shelves with num'rous & best Authors fill'd.
Yet whatsoe'er *Marius* does undertake,
The most Judicious high Account of't make,
And thy profound pretending Works despise,
As Dulness clothed in a Learn'd Disguise.
I thus in other Trades have seen such Fools,
Who Bunglers are, yet proud of Ex'llent Tools.

95. EPIGRAM.

On the Wicked in the highest degree.

Vicious, conceited, insolent, and proud,
Void of all Worth, yet positive and loud;

Ill Maſter, Father, Husband, Neighbour, Friend,
Whom ſenſe of Right or Wrong cou'd never bend;
Who God unſeen not only do'ſt deſpiſe,
But fatten'ſt i' th' Oppreſſed's Tears and Cries;
And ſmiling ask'ſt, What's, after all, the Evil?
None: 'cauſe 'tis hop'd, thou't fright from Earth (the Devil.

96. EPIGRAM.

On the like.

POor in thy Youth, ſharking, and profligate,
Unjuſt & proud, when rais'd to high Eſtate;
Which thou conceiv'ſt thy Parts did bring thee to,
But want of Wit did plainly thee undo.
And when thou lay'ſt under the ſadeſt Croſs,
The Vice of all three Fortunes did'ſt engroſs.

97. EPIGRAM.

On a Lady Painter.

WIth excellent Mast'ry thou draw'st the Face,
Each Feature do'st express, and nat'ral Grace.
Were th' Inward-Man as well by me design'd,
I shou'd be stil'd, the *Titian* of the Mind.

98. EPIGRAM.

On the Enamour'd of a false Beauty.

A Well-bred Virgin, Vert'ous, Noble, Wise,
Most Beautiful withall, thou dost despise.
But Players, Dancers, Singers do'st admire,
These, thou confessest, set thy Heart on fire.
I Did'st never hear, how by a Magick-Spell,
Dead-Bodies have been rais'd, and made to tell
Some things above themselves, and then have sunk
Again into a Gastly loathsom Trunk?

Such, if thy blindneſs wou'd allow thee prove,
Thou'dſt find th' admired Object of thy Love;
The Perſons ſelf, ſtrip't of adult'rous Art,
Scarce wou'd make good the Carcaſs of her Part;
With-draw the Poets Words, the Stage Attire,
And thou wilt loath, what thou do'ſt now admire.
She, like the Scenes, appears a glorious Sky,
A Sun, what not? falſe Lights deceive thine Eye,
Both, Paint and Traſh, are found, examin'd nigh.

99. EPIGRAM.

On a Coward.

LIke thee, in ſafety, none's ſo fierce and bold,
Danger approaching, none ſo faint and cold;
The Brave, in Peril, do conſult which way
They may orecome; thou, which to run-away;
They only ask, what is their Duty here;
Thou, what's ſuggeſted by thy treach'rous Fear;

They

They face to face confront a daring Foe,
Thy Malice, hid and ſculking, thou do'ſt ſhow;
When they ſubdue, their Anger they aſſwage,
But here thy Fury firſt begins to rage,
The Rancour Fear did in thy Heart ſuppreſs,
Without all Mercy now thou do'ſt expreſs.
In Private Converſe th' art to all a ſlave,
And certainly, in Publick Truſt, a Knave.

100. EPIGRAM.

What is Sweeteſt.

WHat is ſo ſweet, nought with it can com-
(pare?
By Love perfum'd, a vertuous Maid and
(fair.

101. EPIGRAM.

On a conceited Perſon.

PErſuaded of thy Worth, thou long'ſt to ſee,
What ſome do fear, an *Epigram* on thee.

But little Bad or Good of thee I know,
And none delighted are with what's ſo ſo.
This vulgar Proverb by thy ſelf diſcuſs,
Souce a Sows Ear, 'twill ne'er make Velvet Purſe.
Thoſe Subjects I paſs-by, have no eſelat,
In Vice and Vertue common are and flat.

102. EPIGRAM.

On my Cenſorious Reader.

THou ſaiſt, I'm full of malice and of Spight,
Ill-nature's ſeen, in all that I do write:
Thy Cenſure does not wound, but me delight.
'Gainſt Vice I have, 'gainſt Men I never wrote,
Nor will for any Wrong or Price be brought,
Be thou Good-natur'd then, to what is naught.

103. EPIGRAM.

On the same.

More close and home thou yet do'st me accuse,
Say'st, in an *Epigram*, thy Words I use;
Nay, a known Vice of thine display. Be 't so,
Must I remember unto whom I owe
All I have heard or seen? Or must Men know
A Person by a Speech or Act? 'Tis true,
By'th Lions Claw, a skilful Artist knew
His bulk: But who shall only draw thy Toe,
Thy Manners or thy Face will never show.

104. EPIGRAM.

On the same.

Displeased at the Freedom of my Pen,
Which thou conceiv'st defects so many Men,

Thou ask'ſt, If I my ſelf from Vice am free?
I wiſh I were: But what is this to thee?
Why, thou woud'ſt have me my own Follies ſhow,
Alas, who is ſo happy them to know?
But while thou think'ſt my ſelf I do conceal,
All that I write, my ſecret Thoughts reveal;
What I do love, deſpiſe, admire, or hate,
When leaſt deſigning, I do truly ſtate.
One *Epigram* may on ſome One reflect,
But they all joyn my Nature to detect.

105. EPIGRAM.

On a miſtaken Epigrammatiſt.

THou ſtil'ſt, what's nothing like, an *Epigram*,
And may'ſt as well, a Chicken term a Ram;
Or draw an Ape, and then upon't endorſe,
The Animal you ſee, I call a Horſe.

On

On this, thou do'ſt retort to me in ſpite,
My Verſe are harſh: Nor do I Sonnets write.
My Bark oft buffets with a rugged Stream,
And I muſt ſuit my ſtile unto my Theam.
Painters, with flowing Oil, their Figures draw.
But Carvers uſe the Chiſel and the Saw.

106. EPIGRAM.

On an ungrateful Viſitant.

I'M often troubl'd when I ſee thee here,
Too ſoon or late thou always do'ſt appear:
But the Myſt'ry of this, in brief to ſumm,
Thou can'ſt not poſſibly in Seaſon come.

107. EPIGRAM.

On the same.

MAny Excuses thou dost often frame,
For thy slack Visits, & thy self do'st blame,
You'd mend all Faults, if that you never came.

108. EPIGRAM.

More Cupid's *than one are blind.*

TH' imposing Gang of those the World (counts Wise,
Only to *Venus* Son allow no Eyes,
While each their *Cupid* has, that's more a Child,
And far more dark and witless may be stil'd:
The Envious, Covetous, and Ambitious,
Gluttonous, and who other ways are Vicious.
For shall we say, Who Beauty loves is blind?
Who dotes on Sin, has a discerning Mind?

109. EPIGRAM.

On Semproniа.

THy tender Years had a ſtrong bent to go
An Evil way, e'er thou didſt Evil know.
Th' Examples ever pleas'd thee of the worſt,
What noble Virgins trembl'd at, thou durſt.
Thy Beauty thou didſt early underſtand,
And gav'ſt the Reigns, to that thou ſhoud'ſt com-
(mand.
Thy Clothes exceſſive were, looſe thy Addreſs,
All a cloſe wanton Mind might loud expreſs.
Thus thy firſt Days in Luxury were ſpent.
In Amorous Stealths all of thy Age out-went.
Thy Flow'r of Youth and Beauty when decay'd,
With theſe all ſenſe of Shame did alſo fade,
And leud Affections thee did only ſway,
The Laws of Luſt bare-fac'dly to obey.

Thy

Thy Houſe thou mad'ſt a profeſt School of Vice,
The Rendezvous of Riot, Whoredom, Dice.
Which thoſe of either Sex that did not ſhun,
Were in their Vertue, Fame, and State undone.
Arm'd *Cat'line* made the *Roman* Hearts to quake,
But thy Debauch did *Rome*'s Foundations ſhake.

110. EPIGRAM.

On an old Amorous Cockſcomb.

THo'ſt thrown away thy Night-Cap, bought (a Wig,
Thy ſtumbling Gate converted to a Gig;
Ty'd a broad flaunting Ribond in thy Hat,
One, that out-ſtares thy ſelf, at thy Cravat.
And now do'ſt hope, that the moſt ſearching Eyes,
Cannot diſcern thy Age thro' this diſguiſe;
But joyn'd with Wealth, thou'lt make a pow'rful (Court
Unto the Fair. Thou'lt make at leaſt good ſport.

111. EPIGRAM.

On the ſame.

I Heard thy Rhume defeated thy Diſguiſe,
And that a Lady ſo did thee deſpiſe,
She ſaid, Old Sir, blow both your Noſe, & Eyes.

112. EPIGRAM.

The Young and Old Schiſmatick.

Jun.] I Have been lately, where my Ears did glow,
To hear the praiſe of one that was our Foe,

Sen.] Our Foe? Some Child of Hell, be ſure, a (Dog,
A Reprobate, in Scripture ſtile, a Frog
Of the deep Pit, a *Jacobite*, and Traitor.
He muſt be theſe, profeſs'dly if our Hater,
One that will ſet his Country at a Price.

Jun.] I do not find he's charg'd with any Vice.

Sen.] But you ſhall find. I'll black him with all (Evil,
If he be ours, he's God's Foe, and a Devil.

113. EPIGRAM.

The Reflection.

AS from the ſhoar I ſafely did behold,
(My own days ſpent) how mortal Men were (roll'd,
With the Worlds Billows, ſome for Riches moil'd,
Others for Honour, with more hazard, toil'd,
While they their Luſts and Vanity to pleaſe,
Oft loſt the Life, they ſought to ſpend in eaſe.
I ſay'd, were I again my Race to run,
What Troubles and what Dangers cou'd I ſhun?
Firſt, I wou'd weigh the ſhortneſs of my (Days,
Yet, well employ'd, the Pow'r they had to raiſe

Their

Their Length 'bove what Arithmetick can count.
Yet ne'er their Glory and their Bliſs ſurmount.
By this I'd ſteer my Courſe, here fix my Eye,
Renounce what with this Truth did not comply;
No avaritious or ambitious Itch
Shou'd my ſtay'd Mind with their falſe Charms be-witch.

Next in what State Providence me had plac't,
I wou'd regard, and with what Parts had grace't;
Theſe I'd improve, aiming at no Employ,
Admit none offer'd with leaſt ſenſe of Joy.
Yet on my Charge I'd ever be intent;
Duty ſecure, what e'er were the Event.
So that what e'er Misfortune hap't to be,
Men ſhou'd reproach the Chance, not cenſure me.

114. EPIGRAM.

On Lewis XIV.

THe Life, the Soul, Upholder of the *Port*,
Whose Arms the *Crescent* 'gainst the *Cross* sup-
(port;
Want of true Greatness, and the thirst of Sway
All that is Sacred makes thee to betray,
Faction and Treason to foment and nurse
In ev'ry Land, *Europe*'s, even *France*'s, Curse;
For thou no less thy Agents do'st employ,
Thy Subjects, than thy Neighbours, to destroy;
Myriads of harmless Souls thou hast undone,
With loss of Justice their Land from them won;
And while they mourn, thy Pleasure thou dost
(take,
Upon a Couch War with the World do'st make;
Sloathful thy self, by others gets Renown,
Thou winn'st a Game at Cards, while they a Town.

Empire

Empire alone is that with thee does weigh,
Which, ſo thou get'ſt, it matters not which way,
No ſcruple mak'ſt, ſo that thou haſt ſucceſs,
Whether 'tis Heaven or Hell thy Forces bleſs.
Lucifer to juſtifie, thy Actions tend,
'Tis hop'd, thou ſee'ſt thy fall, and mak'ſt a Friend.

115. EPIGRAM.

On Lamia.

DEform'd th' art ſeen to be in ev'ry Part,
Beyond the Remedy of Wit and Art;
Ceaſe then to jet, and tweer, and make a-do,
Ugly thou can'ſt not be, and Pretty too.

116. EPIGRAM.

On the ſame.

OLd crooked *Claudia* has a ſober Grace,
And honour'd is, where e'er ſhe comes in (place;
What ſhe was made, ſhe is content to be,
And none do want of Beauty in her ſee;

Prudence and Goodneſs all Defects ſupply,
Even pleaſing make her to a curious Eye.

But thou, tho' moſt deform'd, do'ſt not deſpair,
Agreeable to be, tho' nothing fair,
By acting what thou ſee'ſt the Fair to do,
As if the ſame, the ſame were, done by two:
But fall'ſt ſo ſhort of that which thou do'ſt hope,
Thou plai'ſt *Jack-Pudding* on the lower Rope;
And what w'ad admire in *Clora*, when we ſee,
Our Stomach turns, when we behold in thee.
The Charms, th' Affects, the Sweetneſs, & the Grace,
Eſſential are unto a Lovely Face;
Which when thou ape'ſt, and vilely do'ſt repeat,
'Tis much that thou eſcap'ſt from being beat.

117. EPIGRAM.

On the ſame.

OF thine own ſelf thou ſuch Conceit do'ſt hold,
That Buckram on thy Back ſeems Cloth-of-Gold;
Whereas o' th' contrary, it is enough,
Tiſſue to make the vileſt of all Stuff
If worn by thee: But Garbe, and thy Grimmace
For Beauty, thou believ'ſt, with all do paſs:
Tho' theſe all loath, deſteſt, and ev'ry Tongue
Swears, as th' art Ugly, thou wert never young.

118. EPIGRAM.

On Nanus.

NAnus, tho' little, yet is fierce and bold,
Scorns by the *Proudeſt He* to be control'd,
And braves all Men, while ſuch a Foe they ſhun,
By whom Diſgrace may be, no Honour won.

119. EPIGRAM.

On a young She-Libertine.

Lib.] WHo did this Law impoſe upon our Sex,
Our Peace, our Lives eternally to vex,
That Maids, forſooth, muſt die in deep Deſpair,
Rather than love, to thoſe they love, declare?
Friend.] Nature her ſelf. *Lib.*] Nature I never ſaw,
Nor will I be a Slave unto her Law;
By Looks, Addreſs, I will my Mind impart,
Theſe failing, ſpeak in plaineſt Words my Heart.
Shall Princes noble be, and States-Men wiſe,
Tho' they miſcarry in an Enterprize,
And I alone, deterr'd by the Event,
Deſiſt, cauſe New, to make a brave Attempt?

120. EPIGRAM.

On a high-kept Miſs.

COſtly in Clothes, and haughty in thy Mein,
Thou woud'ſt be thought to be a petty *Queen*;
Contemn'ſt thy Betters, boaſt'ſt of what's thy ſhame,
As if by Birth thy Greatneſs to thee came:
When all that know thee, this truth alſo know,
Thy Glory unto Baſeneſs thou do'ſt owe;
And that thy Sin's the ſame, with that o' th' Poor,
Tho' *Madam* thou art ſtil'd, & they term'd *Whore*,
Tho' Coach and Palace varniſh ore thy Blot,
The *Stocks* and *Bride-well* are thoſe Wretches Lot.
Thou liv'ſt by Luſt, while they but make a ſlip,
And more deſerv'ſt the Cart-tail, and the Whip.

121. EPIGRAM.

On my Epigrams.

I Only Vice at random do rehearſe,
'Tis Guilt that makes a Libel of my Verſe;
The Good and Sound, with what they read, are pleas'd,
The Grieved are the Vicious & Diſeas'd,

122. EPIGRAM.

On the unworthily Fortunate.

WHile that a proſperous & fore-right Gale,
Fills the expanded Boſom of thy Sail,
Thou happy ſeem'ſt, and all to thee do bow,
All, but thy ſelf, thy Glories do allow:
But while they ſtoop, applaud, and matter find
T' extol, thou ſadly want'ſt it in thy Mind.

123. EPIGRAM.

On Paris.

FOrbear to boaſt thy infamous ſucceſs,
That thou the Great *Achilles* did'ſt ſuppreſs,
When hid, and trembling thou did'ſt only act,
And 'twas, in truth, a Goddeſs did the Fact,
Guided thy poyſon'd Arrow to his Heel,
While the brave Heroe to the Gods did kneel.

124. EPIGRAM.

On Sir Irus.

A Noble Lady at her gen'rous Board
Acceſs to half-ſtarv'd *Irus* did afford,
As old as poor, to theſe, as little wiſe,
Her Goodneſs did not yet the Wretch deſpiſe.
A Knight he was, but not of antick Fame,
Who Giants ſplit, and Monſters us'd to tame.

But his Adventures now he firſt began,
And much like *Him*, who at the Wind-Mill ran.
Heartn'd and warm, by being daily fed,
The Snake aſpir'd unto the Ladies Bed.
'Twou'd honour him to ſay, He was defeat,
And loſt his Aim. No: but he loſt his Meat.
Tho' Dotage be high rank'd in *Cupid's* School,
He thence expels an aged, needy, Fool.

125. EPIGRAM.

On the Shepherds, Luke 2.

WHile on ſoft Plumes the Rich did ſleep,
Or Riot them did waking keep,
Conſuming in Debauch the Night,
Acting black Sins in Chambers bright:
We poor and hardy Shepherd Swains,
Freed at no Seaſon from our Pains,

Under

Under the ſhelter of a Rock,
In Winter Nights did guard our Flock;
When, lo, a bright and glorious Ray,
The Sun out-ſhining at Mid-day,
Surrounded us with great Diſmay.
A Choir of Angels thus did ſing,
Good Tidings to the Earth we bring,
A Saviour to the World is born,
There never roſe ſo Bleſs'd a Morn!
Peace unto Earth, Good Will to Men.
Glory, i' th' higheſt be to Heaven!
The Child to know, we give this Sign,
A Manger holds the Babe Divine!
We found that true the Angels ſaid,
And our Account fill'd all with Dread.
The Viſion thus when we had ſpread,
Ador'd, and offer'd up a Lamb,
Back to our Folds with Joy we came,

Our

Our honeſt Labour eas'ly bore,
Finding Heavens Shepherd ſelf was poor.

126. EPIGRAM.

On the wiſe Men, Matth. 2.

THe *Eaſtern* Sages came from far,
Led by Devotion and a Star,
And Heavens King did Homage pay,
When Poor he in a Stable lay!
To *Gentiles* God did thus reveal,
What from proud *Jews* he did conceal:
But theſe embroil'd in factious Wars,
In cov'tous and ambitious Jars,
Wiſe to the Earth, were blind to Stars.

127. EPIGRAM.

On Spurius.

MUch thou do'ſt glory in thy Father's Name,
Ore-ſeeing of thine own, & Mothers ſhame:
The ſway of Luſt lodg'd in thy ſpurious Blood,
To Vice ore-bears thee, like a Potent Flood:
Nor known's the Crime th'art not engulfed in,
A Grandee ſeen, and Prince in ev'ry Sin.
Would'ſt thou be truly Great? Vertue em-
(brace,
Reſcind the Curſe intail'd on Baſtard-Race.

128. EPIGRAM.

The Priſoner.

THe Court was up, and I had ta'ne a ſtand,
(Being a ſtranger) to behold neer hand
The Priſoner, and beſought my Friend to ſhow
By ſome Remark, how I the Man might know.

That's

That's he, he ſaid, *which you ſee march alone,*
Whom many bow to, tho' they fear to own.

What, he that bears ſuch Brightneſs in his Face,
Such high Aſſurance, and ſerene a Grace?
That's ſure the Judge, his Guard, that armed (Throng,
It is the Priſoner that they lead along.

O bleſſed Land! I cry'd, if ſuch I ſee
Be Criminals, thy Juſt muſt Wonders be!
I hardly ſpoke, when I was bid to view
A ſneaking, abject, and down-looking Crew,
Whoſe Malice the brave Priſoner had run-down,
Having no other Crime, but his Renown.
Let mean Men Vice avoid, the Gen'rous Fame,
There's nought more dang'rous, than a Noble (Name.

129. EPIGRAM.

To Silius.

THoud'ſt have a hundred Pound by way of (Loan,
In greateſt need I this way trouble none,
And to deny ſuch Suits, ſhame not to own.
Ten pound thou ſay'ſt I lent thee. To a Friend
What I can looſe, I am content to lend.

130. EPIGRAM.

On the like.

A Noble Lord five hundr'd Pounds did lend,
Out of meer Greatneſs, to a ſlipp'ry Friend,
Who, beyond hope, the Money did repay;
But, in few days, a larger ſumm did pray,
Which was deny'd, and that upon the ſcore,
He had ſo much deceiv'd the time before.
Which when the wond'ring Borrower did deny!
My Lord facecioufly did thus reply.

The

The Money lent, I never hop'd to ſee,
But twice deceiv'd I'll ne'er conſent to be.

131. EPIGRAM.

On Pompillius.

Pompillius has attain'd, at laſt, his Poſt,
As he complain'd, as much he now does boaſt;
A Charge he has at Court, no common Grace,
And his Succeſs is pourtrai'd in his Face;
Ore-looks not only ſuch as you, and me,
But his *Great-Self* does alſo over-ſee;
Uſurps the Parts he has not, and the Pow'r,
Fancies he's Wiſe, and Potent in an hour,
When Sawcy, Witty; Courtly, when moſt rude;
Obliging, where his Folly does obtrude.
Some ſmile, ſome jeſt: All, he believes, admire,
And ne'er will ſee, till he's again i' th' Mire.

132. EPIGRAM.

On Fungus.

A Truant Youth, and Loyt'rer in the Arts,
Trifling that time, ſhou'd have improv'd thy Parts,
Th'uncultivated Mind now nothing breeds,
But the moſt vicious, rank, and poyſonous Weeds;
And Idleneſs, which thee times paſt did pleaſe,
Is now a burdenſom and ſore Diſeaſe.
Labour does not the Ploughman ſo annoy,
As Reſt does thee, and want of all Employ.
In Drink, or worſe Debauch, thou ſpend'ſt the Day,
The next thou plai'ſt at Dice, or ſee'ſt a Play;
The third, and fourth, ~~and fifth~~ thou being at a loſs,
~~Thou~~ canſt ſcarce, without a Halter, bear the Croſs.
Phyſicians, in this Malady, abjure,
Seek not the *Wells*, but *Galleys*, for thy Cure.

FINIS.

132. EPIGRAM.

On Fungus.

A Truant Youth, and Loyt'rer in the Arts,
Trifling that time, thou'd have improv'd thy (Parts,
Th'uncultivated Mind now nothing breeds,
But the most vicious, rank, and poysonous Weeds;
And Idleness, which thee times past did please,
I now a burdensom and sore Disease.
Labour does not the Ploughman so annoy,
As Rest does thee, and want of all Employ.
In Drink, or worse Debauch, thou spend'st the (Day,
The next thou plai'st at Dice, or see'st a Play;
The third, and fourth, and fifth being at a loss,
Thou scarce, without a Halter, bear'st the Cross.
Physicians, in this Malady, abjure,
Seek not the *Wells*, but *Galleys*, for thy Cure.

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